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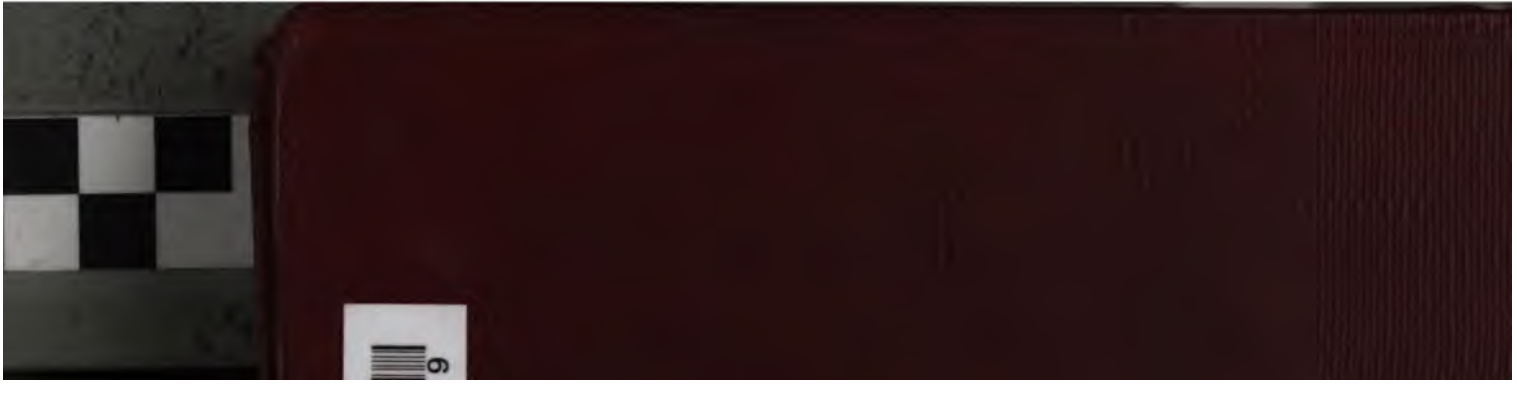

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POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS;

Selected to enforce the Practice of Virtue, and to comprise in one Volume the Beauties of English Poetry.

By E. TOMKINS.

A NEW EDITION, WITH VIGNETTES.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR B. CROSBY AND CO.

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THE Editor of this Collection has not much to say on the present occasion. Truth is seldom verbose: the truest things are most easily expressed in the shortest periods.

POETRY is an Art of which no liberal or cultivated mind can, or ought to be, wholly ignorant. The pleasure which it gives, and indeed the necessity of knowing enough of it to mix in modern conversation, will evince the utility of the following Compilation, which offers, in a small compass, the very flower of English Poetry, and in which care has been taken to select not only such pieces as Innocence may read without a blush, but such as will even tend to strengthen that Innocence.

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VOLTAIRE, speaking of the English Poets, gives them the preference in moral pieces to those of any other nation; and, indeed, no Poets have better settled the bounds of Duty, or more precisely determined the rules for Conduct in Life than ours.

In this little Collection the Reader, therefore, may find the most exquisite pleasure, while he is at the same time learning the duties of life; and while he courts only Entertainment, be deceived into Wisdom.

In a word, it is the peculiar property of POETRY to do good *by stealth;* to hide the thorny path of Instruction by covering it with flowers; and the veriest Infidel in polite Learning must be something more than abandoned, if he will not visit the Temple of Instruction when Pleasure leads the way to it.

E. T.

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SELECT POEMS.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

BY POPE.

Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aönian maids,
Delight no more.—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' etherial Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe! be born.
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains! and ye valleys, rise!
With heads decl'in'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient Bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face, he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plough-share end:
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;

Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and stately box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall grace the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes;
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gate attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temples bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;

But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here, forlorn and lost, I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies,
To lure thee to thy doom.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress;
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
" The sorrows of thy breast?

" From better habitation spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

" Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay,
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

" And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

" And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest,
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush,
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms,
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cry'd,
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me:

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

" In humblest, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

" The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

" For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And, while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain:

" Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

" And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair-one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

" No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE THREE WARNINGS.

A TALE.

BY MRS. PIOZZI.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.
When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!
With you!" the hapless husband cry'd:
"Young as I am! 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
My thoughts on other matters go,
This is my wedding night, you know."

What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell: no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several Warnings shall you have,
Before you're summon'd to the grave:
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve:
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well pleas'd the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
The willing Muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,

" So come along, no more we'll part:"
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

1.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

2.

Come, ever welcome, to my breast!
A tender, but a cheerful, guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long indulg'd and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away:
Then comes, sweet nymph instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

3.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe;
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart?
Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

4.

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile,
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with floating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, with pomp, an idle train,
While Want unpitied pines in vain.

5.

If heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,

And for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do,
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

6

Howe'er exalted or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull peace, that dwells in folly's eye,
And self-attending vanity.
Alike the foolish and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

7.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid!
Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread,
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd and forgot its power to save,
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

8.

It comes: it fills my labouring breast;
I feel my beating heart oppress.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To heaven she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!

9.

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold, in yon unconscious grove,
The victims of ill-fated love;
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity!

10.

Parent of Virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY POPE.

As Phœbus darted forth his milder ray,
And length'ning days confess'd the short'ning day;
To Tiber's banks repaired an am'rous swain,
The love and envy of the neighb'ring plain.
To cool his heat he sought the breezy grove:
To cool his heat, but more the heat of love:
To sooth his cares, on the soft lute he play'd:
But the soft lute refresh'd the lovely maid:
Conspiring elms their umbrage shed around,
Wav'd with applause, and listen'd to the sound.
Sweet Philomel, the chorister of love,
The musical enchantress of the grove,
With wonder heard the shepherd as he play'd,
And stole, attentive, to the tuneful shade.
Perch'd o'er his head the silver syren sate,
With envy burning, and with pride elate;
Ambitiously she lent a list'ning ear,
Charm'd with the very sounds she dy'd to hear:
Each note, each flowing accent of the song,
She sooth'd, and sweeten'd with her softer tongue;
Gently refin'd each imitated strain,
And paid him with his harmony again.

The shepherd wonder'd at the just replies,
At first mistaken for the vocal breeze;
But when he found his little rival near
Imbibing music both at eye and ear,
With a sublimer touch he swept the lute,
A summons to the musical dispute.
The summons she receiv'd, resolv'd to try,
And daring, warbled out a bold reply.
Now sweetest thoughts the gentle swain inspire,
And with a dying softness tune the lyre;
Echo the vernal music of the woods,
Warble the murmurs of the falling floods.
Thus sweet he sings, but sweetly sings in vain,
For Philomela breathes a softer strain;
With easier art she modulates each note,
More nat'ral music melting in her throat,
Much he admir'd the magic of her tongue,
But more to find his lute and harp outdone.
And now to loftier airs he tunes the strings,
And now to loftier airs his echo sings;
Though loud as thunder, though as swift as thought,
She reach'd the swelling, caught the flying note;
In trembling treble, now in solemn bass,
She show'd how nature could his art surpass.
Amaz'd, at length; with rage the shepherd burn'd,
His admiration into anger turn'd;
Inflam'd, with emulating pride he stood,
And thus defy'd the charmer of the wood:

And wilt thou still my music imitate?
Then see thy folly and thy task is great:
For, know, more pow'rful lays remain unsung,
Lays far superior to thy mimic tongue.
If not, this lute, this vanquish'd lute, I swear,
Shall never more delight the ravish'd ear;
But broke in scatter'd fragments strew the plain,
And mourn the glories which it could not gain.
He said, and as he said, his soul on fire,
With a disdainful air, he struck the lyre.
Quick to the touch, the tides of music flow,
Swell into strength, or melt away in woe:
Now raise the shrilling trumpet's clanging jar,
And imitated thunders rouse the war:
Now soft'ning sounds, and sadly-pleasing strains,
Breathe out the lover's joys, and lover's pains.
He sung; and ceas'd her rival notes to hear,
As his dy'd list'ning in the ambient air.
But now, too late, her noble folly found,
Sad Philomela stood subdu'd by sound:
Though vanquish'd, yet with gen'rous ardour fill'd,
Ignobly still she scorn'd to quit the field;
But slowly faint her plaintive accents flow,
Weaken'd with grief, and overcharg'd with woe.
Again she tunes her voice, again she sings.
Strains every nerve, and quivers on her wings;
In vain her sinking spirits fade away,
And in a tuneful agony decay;

Dying she fell, and as the strains expire,
Breath'd out her soul in anguish on the lyre;
Dissolv'd in transport, she resign'd her breath,
And gain'd a living conquest by her death.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

MORNING.

——Carpe diem. HOR.

1.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

2.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire;
And the peeping sun-beam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

3.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night,
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

4.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

5.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies on the dewy dale.

6.

From the balmy sweet, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

7.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distills,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

8.

Colin's for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious;—whilst the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

9.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

10.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood
Now the noontide radiance glows;
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

11.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

12.

Now the flock forsakes the glade
Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

13.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

14.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool

15.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
Fearful lest the noontide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

16.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still!
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

17.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh-descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

18.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune;
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

19.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free;—(the furrow'd task is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

20.

Now he sets behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky;
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

21.

Trudging as the ploughmen go
(To the smoking hamlet bound,)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Length'ning o'er the level ground.

22.

Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home.

23.

As the lark with vary'd tune
Carols to the evening loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud!

24.

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

25.

As the trout, in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs;
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

26.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

27.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckow bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats
Bid the setting sun adieu.

HYMN.

FROM THOMSON'S SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.

Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year
And oft' Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft' at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms.
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so soft'ning into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft', with brute-unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, streaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening East,
Be my tongue mute, my Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full!
And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns,
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable;
Come then, expressive Silence! muse his praise.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

BY DAVID MALLET, ESQ.

Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain.
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it. It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.——— Shakespear's Twelfth Night.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of Health and Peace
A humble cottage stood.

2.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

3

The softest blush that Nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

4.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

5.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair,

6.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

7.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

8.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

9.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

10.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

11.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And saw it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

12.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey
Yet could not cease to love.

13.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

14.

Oft, too, on Stanmore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

15.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

16.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

17.

"'Tis past!" he cry'd—"but if your souls
Sweet Mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love!"

18.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear;
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

19.

But, oh! his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she)
Forbade what Emma came to say:
"My Edwin! live for me."

20.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lovers funeral song.

21.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

22.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When, lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad-sounding in the gale!

23.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
"He's gone!" she cry'd; "and I shall see
That angel-face no more!

24.

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—"
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering, sigh'd, and died.

AN ENQUIRY

AFTER HAPPINESS.

BY MISS CARTER.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose,
No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still;
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to Reason's voice
Attends each mental pow'r;
Come, dear Emilia, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come; while the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round;
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happiness be found?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals!
And through the cloister's deep recess
Invading sorrow steals.

In vain through beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace;
It dwells not in the faithless smile
That brightens Clodio's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds:
Ah! dear delusion, gay conceit
Of visionary minds.

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place its being in some state
At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim
Of pow'r, supremely wise,
Who fancy Happiness in aught
The hand of Heav'n denies!

Vain are alike the joys we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious Reason tunes
The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is Happiness confin'd,
And, deaf to Folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT,

IN A

THUNDER STORM.

BY THE SAME.

Let coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that Hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Power
That breathes the vernal air.

Through nature's ever-varying scene,
By diff'rent ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is universal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By Reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend;

When, through creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day.

THE EVENING WALK.

BY THE SAME.

How sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,
Where ebbing waters musically roll;
And solitude and silent eve restore
The philosophic temper of the soul.

The sighing gale, whose murmurs lull to rest
The busy tumult of declining day,
To sympathetic quiet soothes the breast,
And ev'ry wild emotion dies away.

Farewell, the objects of diurnal care,
Your task be ended with the setting sun;
Let all be undisturb'd vacation here,
While o'er yon wave ascends the peaceful moon.

What beauteous visions o'er the soften'd heart
In this still moment all their charms diffuse,
Serener joys and brighter hopes impart,
And cheer the soul with more than mortal views.

Here faithful Mem'ry wakens all her pow'rs,
She bids her fair ideal forms ascend,
And quick to ev'ry gladden'd thought restores
The social virtue and the absent friend.

Come, ********, come, and with me share
The sober pleasures of this solemn scene;
While no rude tempest clouds the ruffled air,
But all, like thee, is smiling and serene.

Come, while the cool, the solitary hours
Each foolish care, and giddy wish control,
With all thy soft persuasion's wonted pow'rs,
Beyond the stars transport my listening soul.

Oft when the earth detain'd by empty show,
Thy voice has taught the trifler how to rise!
Taught her to look with scorn on things below,
And seek her better portion in the skies.

Come, and the sacred eloquence repeat:
The world shall vanish at its gentle sound,
Angelic forms shall visit this retreat,
And op'ning Heaven diffuse its glories round.

CONTEMPLATION.

BY THE SAME.

While soft through water, earth, and air,
The vernal spirits rove,
From noisy joys, and giddy crowds,
To rural scenes remove.

The mountain snows are all dissolv'd,
And hush'd the blust'ring gale;
While fragrant zephyrs gently breathe
Along the flow'ry vale.

The circling planets' constant rounds
The wintry wastes repair;
And still, from temporary death,
Renew the verdant year.

But, ah! when once our transient bloom,
The spring of life, is o'er,
That rosy season takes its flight,
And must return no more.

Yet judge by Reason's sober rules,
From false opinion free,
And mark how little pilf'ring years
Can steal from you or me.

Each moral pleasure of the heart,
Each lasting charm of truth,
Depends not on the giddy aid
Of wild inconstant youth.

The vain coquet, whose empty pride
A fading face supplies,
May justly dread the wintry gloom,
Where all its glory dies.

Leave such a ruin to deplore,
To fading forms confin'd:
Nor age nor wrinkles discompose
One feature of the mind.

Amidst the universal change,
Unconscious of decay,
It views unmov'd, the scythe of Time
Sweep all besides away.

Fixt on its own eternal frame,
Eternal are its joys:
While, borne on transitory wings,
Each mortal pleasure flies.

While ev'ry short-liv'd flow'r of sense
Destructive years consume,
Through Friendship's fair enchanting walks,
Unfading myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow bounds of time
The beauteous prospect ends,
But lengthen'd through the vale of death,
To paradise extends.

THE STORY OF LAVINIA.

FROM THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful, think
How good the God of harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,

And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth:
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay save Innocence and Heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet
From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride;
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of Evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,

Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close embowering woods:
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling Patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was! the generous, and the rich!
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with Autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick,
With unaffected blushes, from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire

Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm Philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:
"What pity! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line, and to my mind
Recals that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise,
Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
'Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran!
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold,
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,

Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flash'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate, and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:
"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend;
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah, where!
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
O let me now into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and show'rs
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy;
It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy!
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,

But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair! are thine,
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!
Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate!
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

BY POPE.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All nature's incense rise!

A FATHER'S ADVICE

TO HIS SON.

BY G. COOPER.

Deep in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun has seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted Muse's moan.

A swain, tow'rds full-ag'd manhood wending,
Sat sorrowing at the close of day,
At whose fond side a boy, attending,
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,
But on the smiling prattler hung,
'Till what his throbbing heart suggested,
These accents trembled from his tongue.

"My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
My dearest innocent, attend,
Nor fear rebuke, or sour displeasure,
A father's loveliest name is Friend.

"Some truths from long experience flowing,
Worth more than royal grants, receive;
For truths are wealth of Heaven's bestowing,
Which kings have seldom power to give.

"Since from an ancient race descended,
You boast an unattainted blood,
By yours be their fair fame attended,
And claim by birthright—to be good.

"In love for every fellow-creature
Superior rise above the crowd;
What most ennobles human nature
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

"Be thine the generous heart that borrows
From other's joys a friendly glow,
And for each hapless neighbour's sorrows,
Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

"This is the temper most endearing,
Though wide proud pomp her banner spread;
And heavenly pow'r Good-nature bearing,
Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

"Taste not from Fame's uncertain fountain
The peace-destroying streams that flow,
Nor from Ambition's dangerous mountain
Look down upon the world below.

"The princely pine on hills exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
By winds, long brav'd, at last assaulted,
Is headlong whirl'd in dust to lie;

" While the mild rose, more safely growing,
Low in its unaspiring vale,
Amid retirement's shelter blowing,
Exchanges sweets with every gale.

" Wish not for Beauty's darling features,
Moulded by Nature's partial pow'r,
For fairest forms 'mong human creatures
Shine but the pageants of an hour.

" I saw the pride of all the meadow,
At noon, a gay narcissus, blow
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloom'd in the silver waves below;

" By noontide's heat its youth was wasted,
The waters, as they pass'd, complain'd;
At eve, its glories all were blasted,
And not one former tint remain'd.

" Nor let vain Wit's deceitful glory
Lead you from Wisdom's path astray;
What genius lives renown'd in story,
To happiness who found the way?

" In yonder mead behold that vapour,
Whose vivid beams illusive play,
Far off it seems a friendly taper,
To guide the traveller on his way;

"But should some hapless wretch, pursuing,
Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
He'd find, too late, his rashness rueing,
That fatal quicksands lurk below.

"In life such bubbles nought admiring,
Gilt with false light, and fill'd with air,
Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
To Peace in Virtue's cot repair.

"There seek the never-wasted treasure
Which mutual love and friendship give,
Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
And blest and blessing you will live.

"If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,
As mine its bounty does with you,
In fondness fatherly excelling,
Th' example you have felt, pursue."

He paus'd — for tenderly caressing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expressing
Thoughts, language never could impart.

Now Night, her mournful mantle spreading,
Had rob'd in black th' horizon round,
And, dank dews from her tresses shedding,
With genial moisture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying,
'Midst custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd,
His face, array'd in smiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind.

For seriously around surveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human stage.

(Peaceful himself and undesigning)
He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,
And felt each secret wish inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated,
Obediently he bow'd his soul,
For, what all-bounteous Heaven created,
He thought Heaven only should control.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE.

BY COLLINS.

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muses' painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness rul'd the hour)
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First, FEAR his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, ANGER rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan DESPAIR—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits—by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O HOPE! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all her song:
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And HOPE, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
REVENGE impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected PITY, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice apply'd,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight—seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state:
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And now it courted Love; now, raving, call'd on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale MELANCHOLY sat retir'd;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes, by distance, made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
(Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,)
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd Sisters and their chaste-ey'd Queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear;
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Jov's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the b
They would have thought, who heard the strai
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic ro
(Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbo
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid!
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, Goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native, simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!

Thy wonders in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE

ON A

Distant Prospect of Eton College.

BY GRAY.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that, from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights, th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shades!
  Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe.
And redolent of joy and youth,
  To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames (for thou hast seen
  Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
  The paths of pleasure trace,)
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
  The captive linnet which inthral?
What idle progeny succeed,
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
  Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent,
  Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
  To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
  And unknown regions dare descry:

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed;
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around them wait,
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind:

Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow,
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains;
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand;
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too swiftly flies:
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more: where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

THE

COUNTRY BOX, 1757.

BY ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jackey on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!

And, as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weath
While Madam dotes upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration:
"What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who dotes upon your precious life?
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear;
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air.
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from Cheney-row;
He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true,
But not so warm, my dear, as you;
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be out-done, my dear!'
Sir Traffic's name so well apply'd
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason,
And by th' approaching summer season

Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his Country Box.
Some three or four miles out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it every day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.
Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.
"Well, to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground;
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so countryfied!
'Twould come to but a trifling price
To make it quite a paradise.
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly, broken, mouldy pails:
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing all Chinese:

Although one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd;
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
Objects continual passing by
Were something to amuse the eye;
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before;
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road!
While every traveller, in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And, pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, 'That's Sir Thrifty's country-seat."
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's taste can never fail.
Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a Connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears a hundred christian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je ne sçai quoi, Virtù;
Which appellations all describe
Taste and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration
To work this wondrous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ller with amazement sees
A temple Gothic, or Chinese,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon.
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water four feet wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.
In front, a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green,
Where Taste would want its great first law,
But for the sculking, sly ha-ha,
By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect two fields distance.
And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
The gods of Athens and of Rome.
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy graces:
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands, fix'd a tip-toe, Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a taste;
And Madam's female friends and cousins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

THE

FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

FIRST PUBLISHED BY DR. PERCY.

It was a Friar of Orders Gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend Friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love
From many another one?"
"O, by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

"But chiefly by his face and mien
That were so fair to view,
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue."

"O Lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloysters long
He languish'd and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

"Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou die for love of me?—
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

'O weep not, Lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"O do not, do not, holy Friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss,
I'll e'ermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, Lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since Grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"O, say not so, thou holy Friar,
I pray thee, say not so;
For since my true-love dy'd for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no; he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he!—
But he is dead, and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!"

"Sigh no more, Lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men e'er were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy Friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart—
O he was ever true!

"And thou art dead, thou much-lov'd youth!
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home! for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true love's-grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady, rest a while,
Beneath this cloyster wall:
See, through the hawthorne blows the cold wi
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"O stay me not, thou holy Friar!
O stay me not, I pray!
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of grey
Thy own true-love appears!

"Here forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

"But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth!
We never more will part."

A TALE.

BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

Ere Saturn's sons were yet disgrac'd,
And heathen gods were all the taste,
Full oft (we read) 'twas Jove's high will
To take an air on Ida's hill.
It chanc'd, as once with serious ken
He view'd from thence the ways of men,
He saw (and pity touch'd his breast)
The world by three foul fiends possest:
Pale Discord there, and Folly vain,
With haggard Vice, upheld their reign.
Then forth he sent his summons high,
And call'd a senate of the sky.
Round as the winged orders prest,
Jove thus his sacred mind exprest:
"Say, which of all this shining train
Will Virtue's conflict hard sustain?
For see, she drooping takes her flight,
While not a god supports her right."
He paus'd—when from amidst the sky,
Wit, Innocence, and Harmony,
With one united zeal arose,
The triple tyrants to oppose.
That instant from the realms of day
With generous speed they took their way!

To Britain's isle direct their car,
And enter'd with the evening star.
Beside the road a mansion stood,
Defended by a circling wood:
Hither, disguis'd, their steps they bend,
In hopes, perchance, to find a friend:
Nor vain their hope; for records say,
Worth ne'er from thence was turn'd away.
They urge the traveller's common chance,
And every piteous plea advance:
The artful tale that Wit had feign'd
Admittance easy soon obtain'd.
The dame who own'd, adorn'd the place;
Three blooming daughters added grace.
The first, with gentlest manners blest
And temper sweet, each heart possest;
Who view'd her, catch'd the tender flame:
And soft Amasia was her name.
In sprightly sense and polish'd air,
What maid with Mira might compare?
While Lucia's eyes and Lucia's lyre
Did unresisted love inspire.
Imagine now the table clear,
And mirth in every face appear:
The song, the tale, the jest went round,
The riddle dark, the trick profound.
Thus each admiring and admir'd,
The hosts and guests at length retir'd;

When Wit thus spake her sister train:
" Faith, friends, our errand is but vain—
Quick let us measure back the sky:
These nymphs alone may well supply
Wit, Innocence, and Harmony.

AN INVITATION TO

THE FEATHERED RACE.

BY THE REV. MR. GRAVES.

Again the balmy Zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers! hither fly,
And shun the noontide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest;
Here rove and sing the live-long day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shows his ruddy face,
Or twangs a bow, or hurls a stone
In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal Thrush repairs,
Secure the Linnet sings,
The Goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt
Yon distant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chaunt
Thy sweetly-plaintive song.

Let not the harmless Redbreast fear,
Domestic bird, to come
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve;
Oh, let me thus your friendship bribe!
Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong:
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made
Our mutual interests guard,
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade;
Your songs be my reward.

ODE TO TRUTH.

BY MASON.

AY, will no white-rob'd son of light,
wift darting from his heav'nly height,
e deign to take his hallow'd stand;
lere wave his amber locks; unfold
is pinions cloth'd with downy gold;
e smiling stretch his tutelary wand?
nd you, ye hosts of saints! for ye have known
h dreary path in Life's perplexing maze,
hough now ye circle yon eternal throne
h harpings high of inexpressive praise,
l not your train descend in radiant state,
reak with mercy's beam this gathering cloud of fate

'is silence all. No son of light
'arts swiftly from his heav'nly height:
No train of radiant saints descend.

"Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,
Or saint to hear, or angel to defend."
So truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound
Burst from the centre of her burning throne,
Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre crown'd;
A bright sun clasps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims: her awful voice I hear;
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

Attend, ye sons of men! attend, and say,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break through the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not reason in this form descry
Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
The angel's floating pomp, the seraph's glowing grace?
Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me! Shall she, whose brightest eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
Shall pass, and she is gone: while I appear
Flush'd with the bloom of youth through heaven's eternal year.

Know, mortals! know, ere first ye sprung,
Ere first these orbs in ether hung,
I shone amid the heavenly throng:
These eyes beheld creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught Archangel's their triumphant song.
Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And ocean heave on its extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky;
The tawny lion stalk; the rapid eagle fly.
Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,
And, as he 'rose, the high behest was given,
"That I, alone, of all the host of heaven,
Should reign protectress of the godlike youth."
Thus the Almighty spake: he spake, and call'd me
Truth.

ODE TO THE MORNING.

BY THE SAME.

HAIL to thy living light,
Ambrosial Morn! all hail thy roseat ray,
That bids gay Nature all her charms display
In varied beauty bright:
That bids each dewy-spangled flow'ret rise,
And dart around its vermeil dyes;
Bids silver lustre grace yon sparkling tide,
That winding warbles down the mountain's side.

Away, ye goblins all!
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt;
Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your secret haunt
Beside some lonely wall,
Or shatter'd ruin of a moss-grown tow'r,
Where, at pale midnight's stillest hour,
Through each rough chink the solemn orb of night
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

Away, ye elves, away!
Shrink at ambrosial Morning's living ray;
That living ray, whose pow'r benign
Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,
Where, thron'd in artless majesty,
The cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

BY DR. COTTON.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employ;
No noisy neighbours enter here,
No intermeddling stranger near
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest love repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys: they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
  Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
  And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then, how little do we need!
  For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
  And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with contest
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
  Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudent to enjoy it all,
  Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
  And pleas'd with favours giv'n,
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
  Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat
(Since winter life is seldom sweet);
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

BY THOMSON.

HAIL, mildly-pleasing Solitude!
Companion of the wise and good;
But from whose holy, piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.
A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now, wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale
Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat:
But chief when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh! let me pierce thy secret cell,
And in thy deep recesses dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

ELEGY,

Written in a Country Church-yard.

BY GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her sacred bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, and that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of the fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They keep the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse
The place of Fame and Elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind!

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

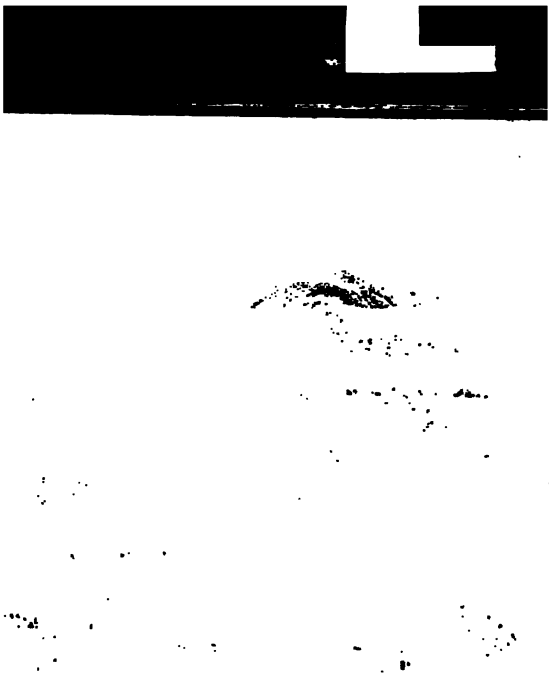
The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd, a Friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.



A PASTORAL.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits!—and she cull'd me the best;
Whilst, thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes—she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins her voice was divine!)
"I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd;
Yet take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine."

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep;
And if—on the banks by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And mark out new themes for my Muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have nam'd her, Content.

A PRAYER FOR

INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. GREVILLE.

Oft I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary;
For once I'll try my wish to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
That lurk'st in woods unseen,
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
Tripp'st gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient stories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
Thou sought'st a wondrous spell;

Oh! deign once more t'exert thy power;
Haply some herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of western flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to please:
Far from the heart those gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease.

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Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far, as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound;
Beyond, is agony.

Take then this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pains new pangs impart.

Oh, haste to shed the sacred balm!
My shatter'd nerves new string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly;
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the promis'd joy.

The tear which Pity taught to flow,
The eye shall then disown;
The heart that melts for others woe
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
  Each moment then shall close,
And tranquil days shall still succeed
  To nights of calm repose.

O fairy elf! but grant me this,
  This one kind comfort send;
And so may never-fading bliss
  Thy flow'ry paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light
  Thy tiny footsteps lead,
To some new region of delight,
  Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
  With heaven's ambrosial dew,
From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,
  That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
  I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
  Content but half to please.

THE FAIRY'S ANSWER.

BY THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend
These hasty lines I'm bid to send,
Or give, if I am able!
I dare not hesitate to say—
Though I have trembled all the day,
It looks so like a fable—

Last night's adventure is my theme;
And should it strike you as a dream,
Yet soon its high import
Must make you own the matter such,
So delicate, it were too much
To be compos'd in sport.

Fair Luna shone serenely bright,
And every star bedeck'd the night,
While Zephyr fann'd the trees;
No sound assail'd my mind's repose,
Save that yon stream, which murmuring flows,
Still echo'd to the breeze.

Enwrapt in solemn thoughts I sate,
Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
Yet void of hope or fear;
When lo! behold an airy throng,
With lightest steps, and jocund song,
Surpris'd my eye and ear.

A form superior to the rest
His little voice to me address't,
And gently thus began:
"I've heard strange things from one of you,
Pray, tell me if you think 'tis true;
Explain it if you can.

"Such incense has perfum'd my throne,
Such eloquence my heart has won,
I think I guess the hand:
I know her wit and beauty too,
But why she sends a pray'r so new
I cannot understand.

"To light some flames, and some revive,
To keep some others just alive,
Full oft I am implor'd:
But, with peculiar power to please,
To supplicate for nought but ease,—
'Tis odd upon my word!

"Tell her, with fruitless care I've sought,
And though my realms with wonder fraught,
In remedies abound,
No grain of cold indifference
Was ever yet ally'd to sense,
In all my fairy round.

"The regions of the sky I'd trace,
I'd ransack every earthly place,
Each leaf, each herb, each flower,
To mitigate the pangs of Fear,
Dispel the clouds of black Despair,
Or lull the restless hour.

"I would be generous as I'm just,
But I obey, as others must,
Those laws which Fate has made:
My tiny kingdom how defend,
And what might be the horrid end,
Should man my state invade?

"'Twould put your mind into a rage,
And such unequal war to wage
Suits not my regal duty!
I dare not change a first decree,
She's doom'd to please, nor can be free—
Such is the lot of beauty!"

This said, he darted o'er the plain,
And after follow'd all his train;
No glimpse of him I find:
But sure I am, the little sprite
These words, before he took his flight,
Imprinted on my mind.

CONTENT.

A VISION.

BY DR. COTTON.

MAN is deceiv'd by outward show—
'Tis a plain homespun truth, I know.
The fraud prevails at ev'ry age—
So says the school-boy, and the sage!
Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat.
But whence this inconsistent part,
Say, moralists, who know the heart?
If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
I'll go before and find the clue.
I dreamt ('twas on a birth-day night)
A sumptuous palace rose to sight:
The builder had through ev'ry part
Observ'd the chastest rules of art;
Raphael and Titian had display'd
All the full force of light and shade:
Around the livery'd servants wait;
An aged porter kept the gate.
As I was traversing the hall,
Where Brussels looms adorn'd the wall;

(Whose tap'stry shows, without my aid,
A nun is no such useless maid),
A graceful person came in view,
(His form, it seems, is known to few);
His dress was unadorn'd with lace,
But charms! a thousand in his face.
"This, Sir, your property?" I cry'd—
"Master and mansion coincide;
Where all, indeed, is truly great,
And proves, that bliss may dwell with state:
Pray, Sir, indulge a stranger's claim,
And grant the favour of your name."
"CONTENT," the lovely form reply'd;
"But think not here that I reside:
Here lives a courtier, base and sly;
An open, honest, rustic I,
Our taste and manners disagree;
His levee boasts no charms for me;
For titles, and the smiles of kings,
To me are cheap unheeded things.
('Tis virtue can alone impart
The patent of a ducal heart:
Unless this herald speaks him great,
What shall avail the glare of state?)
Those secret charms are my delight,
Which shine remote from public sight:
Passions subdued, desires at rest,—
And hence his chaplain shares my breast."

"There was a time (his Grace can tell)
I knew the Duke exceeding well;
Knew every secret of his heart;
In truth, we never were apart:
But when the Court became his end,
He turn'd his back upon his friend.

"One day I call'd upon his Grace,
Just as the Duke had got a place:
I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)
I should be welcome to the peer:
Yes; welcome to a man in pow'r!
And so I was——for half an hour.

"But he grew weary of his guest,
And soon discarded me his breast;
Upbraided me with want of merit,
But most for poverty of spirit.

"You relish not the great man's lot?—
Come, hasten to my humbler cot.
Think me not partial to the great,
I'm a sworn foe to pride and state!
No monarchs share my kind embrace,
There's scarce a monarch knows my face:
Content shuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
With modest Worth in rural cells;
There's no complaint, though brown the bread,
Or the rude turf sustain the head;
Though hard the couch, and coarse the meat,
Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.

"Far from the city I reside,
And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
True to my heart, I seldom roam,
Because I find my joys at home:
For foreign visits then begin,
When the man feels a void within.
"But though from towns and crowds I fly,
No humourist, nor cynic, I.
Amidst sequester'd shades I prize,
The friendships of the good and wise.
Bid Virtue and her sons attend;
Virtue will tell thee, I'm her friend;
Tell thee, I'm faithful, constant, kind,
And meek, and lowly, and resign'd;
Will say, there's no distinction known
Betwixt her household and my own."
Author. "If these the friendships you pursue,
Your friends, I fear, are very few.
So little company, you say,
Yet fond of home from day to day!
How do you shun Detraction's rod?
I doubt your neighbours think you odd."
Content. "I commune with myself at night,
And ask my heart, if all be right.
If 'right' replies my faithful breast,
I smile, and close my eyes to rest."
Author. "You seem regardless of the town:
Pray, Sir, how stand you with the gown?"

Content. "The Clergy say they love me well,
Whether they do they best can tell,
They paint me modest, friendly, wise,
And always praise me to the skies;
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correspondent part?
For shall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a different tale?
Who'll seek my door or grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls?

"With those my friendship most obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain;
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
And conscious virtue is our treat;
Our harmless breasts no envy know,
And hence we fear no secret foe;
Our walks Ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we ask no powerful friends;
We wish the best to Church and State,
But leave the steerage to the great;
Careless, who rises, or who falls,
And never dream of vacant *stalls;*
Much less by pride or interest drawn,
Sigh for the mitre and the lawn.

Observe the secrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truths impart:
And if you'll my advice pursue,
I'll quit my hut and dwell with you.

"The Passions are a num'rous crowd,
Imperious, positive and loud:
Curb these licentious sons of strife;
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life:
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.

"Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectation high.
See that the balanc'd scales be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much.
For disappointment's not the thing,
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea, where storms must rise,
'Tis Folly talks of cloudless skies:
He who contracts his swelling sail
Eludes the fury of the gale.

"Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ,
Distrust embitters present joy:
On God for all events depend;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy?
Can she forget her prattling joy?
Say then, shall sov'reign Love desert
The humble and the honest heart?

Heaven may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet say not thou, that Heaven's unkind.
God is alike both good and wise,
In what he grants and what denies:
Perhaps what Goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow Goodness takes away.
"You say that troubles intervene,
That sorrows darken half the scene.
True—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er design'd for thee:
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so;
But still his native country lies
Beyond the boundaries of the skies.
"Of heaven ask virtue, wisdom, health,
But never let thy prayer be wealth.
If food be thine (though little gold),
And raiment to repel the cold,
Such as may nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise;
If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole;
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't, in reason, wish for more:
And if kind Heaven this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heaven bestows on kings."
He spake—The airy spectre flies,
And straight the sweet illusion dies.

The vision at the early dawn,
Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn;
To all the cares of waking clay.
And inconsistent dreams of day.

HAPPINESS.

FROM POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise;
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows — where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with thee.
Ask of the learn'd the way: the learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind.

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or indolent: to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?
Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws."
And makes what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfy'd.
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;
More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase,
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men Happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear;
Not present good or ill the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.
Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

SWEETNESS.

AN ODE.

BY MR. ROBERTSON.

Of damask cheeks and radiant eyes,
Let other poets tell;
Within the bosom of the fair
Superior beauties dwell.

There all the sprightly powers of wit,
In blithe assemblage play;
There every social virtue sheds
Its intellectual ray.

But as the sun's refulgent light
Heaven's wide expanse refines;
With sov'reign lustre through the soul
Celestial Sweetness shines.

This mental beam dilates the heart,
And sparkles in the face;
It harmonizes every thought,
And heightens every grace.

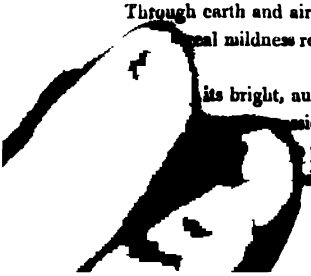
One glimpse can sooth the troubled breast,
The heaving sigh restrain;
Can make the bed of sickness please,
And stop the sense of pain.

Its power can charm the savage heart,
The tyrant's pity move:
To smiles convert the wildest rage,
And melt the soul to love.

When Sweetness beams upon the throne,
In majesty benign,
The awful splendors of a crown
With milder lustre shine.

In scenes of poverty and woe,
Where melancholy dwells,
The influence of this living ray
The dreary gloom dispels.

Thus, when the blooming spring returns
To cheer the mournful plains,
Through earth and air with genial warmth,
[illegible]eal mildness reigns.



[illegible]its bright, auspicious beams
[illegible]sions rise;
[illegible] peaceful scene,
[illegible]l flies.

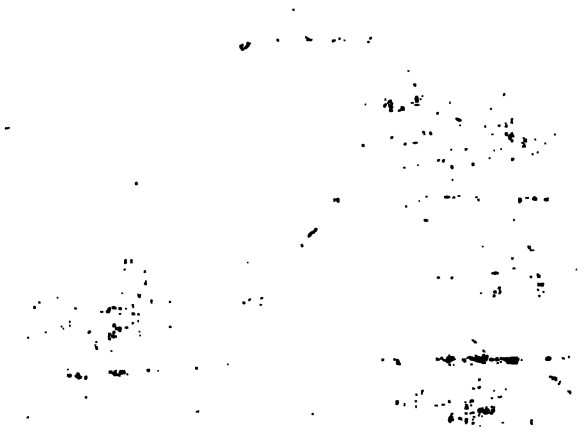
A thousand nameless beauties spring,
A thousand virtues glow;
A smiling train of joys appear,
And endless blessings flow.

Unbounded Charity displays
Her sympathizing charms;
And Friendship's pure seraphic flame
The generous bosom warms.

Almighty Love exerts his power,
And spreads with secret art
A soft sensation through the frame,
A transport through the heart.

Nor shall the storms of age, which cloud
Each gleam of sensual joy,
And blast the gaudy flower's pride,
These blest effects destroy.

When that fair form shall sink in years,
And all those graces fly;
The beauty of thy heavenly mind
Shall length of days defy.



CONJUGAL FELICITY.

FROM THOMSON'S SEASONS.

HAPPY they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where Friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.——

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All-various nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;

And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy, and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
'Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign

ELEGY

To the Memory of an unfortunate Lady.

BY POPE.

What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—But why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in Heaven a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breast of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)

" Lo! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageants of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe."

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show;
What though no weeping love thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face;
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
E'en he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

L'ALLEGRO.

BY MILTON.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty:
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
While the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat hand of Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade:

And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail has thrash'd the corn
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men;
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.

There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

BY THE SAME.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likeliest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem:
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;

His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devote and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hear the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon' soars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night:
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud;
Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What words, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose powers hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptr'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelop's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and flounc'd, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke

Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd choir below,
A service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old Experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

BY MR. BROOKE.

'Tis said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of Fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.
The trav'ller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;

But woman! no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never close.
Though distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd in life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose,
'Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.
Are there no offerings to atone
For but a single error?—None.
Though woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
That e'en immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.
The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,

The moon repletes her waning face,
All beauteous from her late disgrace,
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.
  In vain may death and time subdue,
While Nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart.
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen
To clothe a naked world in green,
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed stem, and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish and to rise.
  And must weak woman then disown
The change to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.
  But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,

Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
The dragon Honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendour burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore;
And woman falls, to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all, who tread poetic ground.
A stream call'd Life across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of Vice the province lies;
And there, the hills of Virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair
Was centr'd more than half their care;
For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;

White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.
As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
Oft through her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And nature yearly took delight,
Like her, to dress the world in white.
But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd:
"O joyful cause of many a care!
O daughter, too divinely fair!
You world on this important day
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey all must go,
Whose doubtful period none can know,
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Through such a wide, perplexing maze!

Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.
Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo, there the arduous path's in view,
Which Virtue and her sons pursue;
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for Pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
"Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health, with cheerful vigour, flows,
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.
"Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then spreads the straight, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by Virtue, Pain can please.
"At length the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,

A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness leading up to light;
Sense backward shrinks and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's gross incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass,
But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large,
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

"Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
Though pleasure charm, or pain impede;
To such th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,
For present earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain,
And endless bliss, for transient pain:

"Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious ease descends;
There sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees that delicious poison bear,
For death is vegetable there.

"Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,

The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes,
The scenes of fairy-land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow,
Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings,
That tempt along the baneful plain
The idly wise and lightly vain,
'Till verging on the gulphy shore,
Sudden they sink, and rise no more.
"But list to what thy fates declare;
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone:
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy presence fly."
Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian-angels plac'd around,
A charm by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd.

Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honour, hand-maid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.
Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd,
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.
Where'er she passes thousands bend,
And thousands, where she moves, attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to the elevated maid
Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New melts the frost in every breast.
The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,

And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While Nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.
And now for momentary rest,
The Nymph her travell'd step repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.
Out-stretch'd before her wide survey,
The realms of sweet Perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below;
When straight the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk, and lost in woes.
But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the bless'd.
The maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung:
" Hither, fairest, hither haste,
Brightest beauty, come and taste
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
Joys, too mighty to be told;
Taste what ecstasies they give,
Dying raptures taste, and live.

"In thy lap, disdaining measure,
Nature empties all her treasure,
Soft desires, that sweetly languish,
Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

"List not when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise,
E'en against the joy they prize.

"Come, in Pleasure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, past the painting;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away."

So sung the Syrens, as of yore,
Upon the false Ausonian shore;
And, O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulysses on the main,
That so our fair-one might withstand
The covert ruin now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew
When now the tempters stood in view;
Curiosity, with prying eyes,
And hands of busy, bold emprise;

Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like fore-running Fancy, fleet.
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,
And but in expectation bless'd.
With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around.
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;
No safety e'en the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd.
With smiles and adulation bland,
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;
While half consenting, half denying,
Repugnant now, and now complying,

Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down and down the winning Pair,
Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair.
As when some stately vessel bound
To blest Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Barea's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
Lurks the dire rock and dang'rous sand;
The pilot warns with sail and oar
To shun the much-suspected shore
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
'Till found'ring she resigns to fate,
And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight.
So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
And Heaven's own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious, smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The Dames, accustom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long reluctant Maid.
Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn to you, and heav'n, restor'd;

nor, with the guilty world,
The fortunes of a wretch be
But o'er her failing cast a v
Rememb'ring you yourselv
And now from all-enquiri
Fast fled the conscious shad
The Damsel, from a short re
Confounded at her plight, a
As when, with slumb'rous
Some wealthy miser sinks to
Where felons eye the glitt'ri
And steal his hord of joys a
He, borne where golden Ind
Of pearl and quarry'd diamo
Like Midas turns the glebe t
And stands all wrapt amidst
But wakens, naked, and dea
Of that, for which his years l
So far'd the Nymph, her t
And turn'd, like Niöbe, to st
Within, without, obscure, an

These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me!" she cry'd.
  Her trumpet slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long giper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While those, in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd, to whiten at her side,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.
  What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?
So trusting, back the Mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.
  Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of Virtue gain'd;
But Echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amas'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left a host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine,

From earth thus hoping a
To heav'n not daring to con
No truce by hostile clamour
And from the face of friend
The Nymph sunk prostrate
With all her weight of woes
Enthron'd within a circlir
Upon a mount, o'er mounta
All radiant sat, as in a shrin
Virtue, first effluence divine
Far, far above the scenes of
That shut this cloud-wrapt w
Superior goddess, essence br
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality surv
As doom'd upon a certain d
The breath of frailty must e
The world dissolve in living
The gems of heav'n and sola
Be quench'd by her eternal
And nature, quick'ning in h

Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.
Through this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite Fair;
And, with a voice whose awful sound
Apall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still;
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

"Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come and claim thy kindred skies,
Come, thy sister angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.
"Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil try'd:
In the smooth enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.
"Structures rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands that trip the flitting streams,
Down that anchors on the air,
Clouds that paint their changes there.

"Seas that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Showing in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass.

"Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring only to betray,
What, alas! can life contain?
Life! like all its circles—vain.

"Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

"Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way,
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and ploughs the sand.

"Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass,
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

"Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your assylum then?
Sons of Pleasure, sons of Care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

"Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

"Pass the world, and what's behind?—
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From a universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.

"Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

"Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store!
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorners own.

"What though hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

"When the fatal trump shall sound.
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the blest.

"Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise,
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

"More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture pleasure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.

"On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares a period blest,
On my toils eternal rest.
"Come, with Virtue at thy side,
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native shore,
Sister, come, and turn no more."

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

BY MILTON.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs warbling, tune his praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls, ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

DISCOURSE

BETWEEN ADAM AND EVE

ON RETIRING TO REST.

BY THE SAME.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus, that led

The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idly unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heav'n on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth;
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
"My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains:
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon
Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor reply'd:
"Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth

By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and in all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive to each other's note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds;
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."
Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower.

MARRIAGE.

A VISION.

BY DR. COTTON.

FAIREST, this Vision is thy due,
I form'd th' instructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age,
Your welfare actuates every page;
But ponder well my sacred theme,
And tremble, while you read my Dream.
Those awful words, "till death do part,"
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after-thought when once a wife;
The die is cast, and cast for life;
Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,
As some base passion leads the way.
Pert Sylvia talks of wedlock-scenes,
Though hardly enter'd on her teens;
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her sire and weds a fool;
Want enters at the guardless door,
And Love is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of sordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold;
Careless with what or whom they mate,
Their ruling passion's all for state.
But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind:
Such rebels groan beneath his rod,
For Hymen's a vindictive god:
" Be joyless every night," he said,
" And barren be their nuptial bed!"
Attend, my fair, to Wisdom's voice,
A better fate shall crown thy choice.
A married life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery contest:
Yet if my fair-one will be wise;
I will insure my girl a prize;
Though not a prize to match thy worth,
Perhaps thy equal's not on earth.
'Tis an important point to know,
There's no perfection here below.
Man's an odd compound after all,
And ever has been since the Fall.
Say, that he loves you from his soul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul;
And though a slave in Love's soft school,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The best, in short, has faults about him;
If few those faults, you must not flout him.

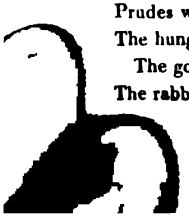
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
As want of temper and of sense.
For when the sun deserts the skies,
And the dull winter evenings rise,
Then for a husband's social pow'r,
To form the calm, conversive hour;
The treasures of thy breast explore,
From that rich mine to draw the ore;
Fondly each gen'rous thought refine;
And give thy native gold to shine;
Show thee, as really thou art,
Though fair, yet fairer still at heart.
Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,
As soon they must, thou charming maid;
When in thy cheeks the roses die,
And sickness clouds that brilliant eye;
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And those dear limbs shall call for aid;
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall not his transient passion cool?
And when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate persist a friend?
But to a man of sense, my dear,
E'en then thou lovely shalt appear;
He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
And weeping claim the larger part;
Though age impairs that beauteous face,
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then complete.
"Blest state! where souls each other draw,
Where love is liberty and law!"
The choicest blessing found below,
That man can wish, or heaven bestow!
Trust me, these raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine!
Nor fear the varnish of my style,
Though poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
Ah me! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart!
When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread——
But who burns incense to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careless of censure or applause;
Whose soul is upright and sincere,
With nought to wish, and nought to fear.
Now to my visionary scheme,
Attend and profit by my Dream.
Amidst the slumbers of the night,
A stately temple rose to sight;
And ancient as the human race,
If Nature's purposes you trace.
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,
To Wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.

Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
His locks were frosted o'er by age;
His garb was plain, his mind serene,
And wisdom dignify'd his mien.
With curious search his name I sought,
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite—Thought.
Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd satyr led the dance:
I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
For oh! what thousands are undone!
The sage, when these mad troops he spy'd,
In pity flew to join their side:
The discontented pairs began
To rail against him, to a man;
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.
But mark the sequel—for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth:
Long ere the honey-moon could wane,
Perdition seiz'd on ev'ry twain;
At every house, and all day long,
Repentance ply'd her scorpion thong;
Disgust was there with frowning mien,
And every wayward child of spleen.
Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a num'rous train:
Love, with each soft and nameless grace,
Was first in favour and in place:

Then came the god with solemn gait,
Whose ev'ry word was big with fate;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore:
Virtue, adorn'd with every charm,
Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm:
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
With all the roses of eighteen:
Youth led the gaily smiling fair,
His purple pinions wav'd in air:
Wealth, a close hunks, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw, and eagle-eye,
Who three-score years had seen, or more,
('Tis said his coat had seen a score);
Proud was the wretch, though clad in rags,
Presuming much upon his bags.
A female next her arts display'd,
Poets alone can paint the maid:
Trust me, Hogarth, (though great thy fame)
'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same;
And yet thy mimic pow'r is more
Than ever painter's was before:
Now, she was fair as cygnet's down;
Now, as Matt Prior's Emma brown;
And changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dress she varied every hour:
'Twas Fancy, child!—You know the fair,
Who pins your gown, and sets your hair

Lo! the god mounts his throne of state,
And sits the arbiter of fate:
His head, with radiant glories drest,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast:
Love took his station on the right,
His quiver beam'd with golden light.
Beauty usurp'd the second place,
Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Because related to the boy;
(Said it was hers to point his dart,
And speed its passage to the heart)
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.
And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.
I saw a blooming, trembling bride,
A toothless lover join'd her side;
Averse she turn'd her weeping face,
And shudder'd at the cold embrace.
But various baits their force impart;
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart:
A passion much too foul to name,
Costs supercilious prudes their fame:
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners,
The hungry poet weds for dinners.
The god with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd;



By ev'ry vice his altars stain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd:
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Desiring to be heard at large.
The god consents, the throng divide,
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side;
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For age is money's sworn attendant.
Love said, that wedlock was design'd
By gracious Heaven to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust:
That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart;
But what avails the faithless voice?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.
Wealth straight reply'd, that Love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind;
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all th' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at even in romances:
Poets indeed style love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat;
And love might be delicious fare,
Could we, like poets, live on air.

[illegible] love.
[illegible]
[illegible] understand.
[illegible] food.
[illegible] his cause,
[illegible] acquaint.
[illegible] and proud,
[illegible] and looked loud:
[illegible] beside.
[illegible]
[illegible] vest.
[illegible] breast.
[illegible] disgrace,
[illegible] his face.
[illegible] sight,
[illegible] straight.
[illegible] temper, smil'd,
[illegible] child.
[illegible] brother.
[illegible] other:
[illegible] find
[illegible] kind.
[illegible] that famished fiend!
[illegible] wealthy friend.
[illegible] place.
[illegible] the face;
[illegible] cold as clay;—
[illegible] swoon away.

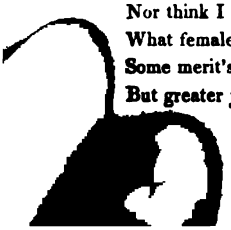
The god was studious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy,
And therefore issu'd his decree,
That the two parties straight agree;
When both obey'd the god's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.
What wondrous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair, surpasses thought.
If Love had many charms before,
He now had charms ten thousand more.
If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
They now are dead, or lull'd to rest.
Beauty, that vain affected thing,
Who join'd the Hymeneal ring,
Approach'd with round unthinking face,
And thus the trifler states her case:
She said, that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tally'd with her own;
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts;
Desiring judgment against Wealth,
For falsehood, perjury, and stealth,
All which she could on oath depose,
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.
But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame;
Look'd through the crowd with angry state,
And blam'd the porter at the gate,

For giving entrance to the fair,
When she was no essential there.
To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preside.
Hence when debates on beauty rise,
And each bright fair disputes the prize,
To Fancy's court we straight apply,
And wait the sentence of her eye;
In Beauty's realms she holds the seals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

BY

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.



The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear;
Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater yours, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue:
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
When most you tyrannize you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair:
For this the toilet ev'ry thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
And each instructive feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of heav'n!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that were made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble women to sustain;
Of those who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of those who have it, are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts;
For you the plainest is the wisest rule,
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.
Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
Without all beauty, and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form:
Fiercely it stands defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.
To rougher man Ambition's task resign:
'Tis our's in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breast should move,
Th' important business of your life is love:
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.
Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution chuse; but then be fondly kind.

The selfish heart, that but by halves is giv'n,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heav'n;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless—
The virtue of a lover is excess.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain;
Short is the period of insulting pow'r;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.
Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels ev'ry vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no pow'r but that of pleasing most:
Hers is the bliss in just return to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh Care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd,
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain,

And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief,
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise, or hate.
For the glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandoned prostitutes are they
Who not to love, but av'rice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of wife;
A maid so wedded, is a whore for life.

E'en in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven
His equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won;
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost;
The Graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the Virtues meeting must secure.
Let e'en your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for him, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow;
Endearing every common act of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife!
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:

E'en o'er your cold and ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.
'Tis thus, Belinda, I your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love;
The task were harder to secure my own
Against the pow'r of those already known;
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy,
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY DR. PARNELL.

In Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When Midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green:
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charm of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before:
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now while he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest
With awful accent cry'd:
"What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?"

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dreed," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well—" the gallant cries again,
We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairie partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire.
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the fairie king,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes:

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has hent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm!" he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the plautsum plays.
They smelt the fresh approach of days,
And heard a cock to crowe.
The whirling wind that bore the sound
Has clapp'd the doore, and whistled lowde,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dank the place.
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want successe.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene;
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up sprung the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But certes, solely sunk with woe,
Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,
His spirits in him dye;
When Oberon crys, "A man is near,
A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents falt'ring, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;
"For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circled haunt."

"Ah Losell vile!" at once they roar;
"And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come, we know:
Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
And fairies, since a lye you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The captive upward flung;
There like a tortoise in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
'Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the knight;
For never spell by fairie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
'Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance
To what the fav'rite fools of chance
By fortune seem'd design'd:
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

BY DRYDEN.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thaïs by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride,
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove;
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.—
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again:
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.—
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.—
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes.
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!
The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to the breathing flute

And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

THE HERMIT.

BY BEATTIE.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began,
Though mournful his voice, his heart was resign'd,
He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man:

"Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet if pity inspire thee, ah! cease not thy lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, Man calls thee to mourn:
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away—
Full quickly they pass,—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The Moon half-extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again.—
But Man's faded glory no change shall renew,
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.—
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS:

Written 1743,

BY SHENSTONE.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ. VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are pass'd, and I sigh;
And I griev'd that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to depart,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart:
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all-border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech is more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold!
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;

Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay;
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she assur'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love.

But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;

With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you, that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him may not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh, my Phillis! beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
  And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
  He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,
  More sweet than the jessamine's flower!
What are pinks in the morn to compare?
  What is eglantine after a shower?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
  Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite,
  And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
  And he fancies no shepherd his peer:
Yet I never should envy the song,
  Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
  So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
  So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
  Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
  Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye Shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion began:
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace!
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chace;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love!
Was faithless, and I am undone!

THE BEGGAR'S PETITIO

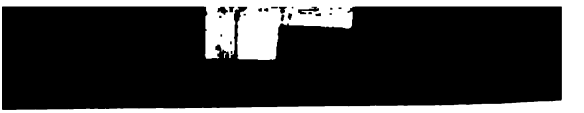
PITY the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest s
Oh! give relief—and Heaven will bless

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen
And many a furrow in my grief-worn chee

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine!
'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you see:
And your condition may be soon like mine,
—The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn,
But, ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.



My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief—and Heaven will bless your store.

HYMN TO BENEVOLENCE.

BY BLACKLOCK.

Hail, source of transport, ever new!
While I thy strong impulse pursue,
I taste a joy sincere!
Too vast for little minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!
From thee Felicity began;
Which still thy hand sustains;
By thee sweet Peace her empire spread,
Fair Science rais'd her laurel'd head,
And Discord gnash'd in chains.

Far as the pointed sunbeam flies
Through peopled earth and starry skies,
All nature owns thy nod;
We see its energy prevail
Through being's ever-rising scale,
From nothing e'en to God.

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
In blessing others only blest;
With goodness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
Through ev'ry action shine;
Each low, each selfish wish control;
With all thy essence warm my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
Nor with their pleasures glow:
Banish'd from God, from bliss, and thee,
My own tormentor let me be,
And groan in hopeless woe.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

BY GOLDSMITH.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched, than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, and pray'd, and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

PROVIDENCE,

A HYMN.

BY ADDISON.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry globe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,

My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

GRATITUDE.

BY THE SAME.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

O! how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with wordly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise,
But, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

CREATION.

BY THE SAME.

The lofty pillars of the sky,
And spacious concave rais'd on high,
Spangled with stars, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim;

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Pours knowledge on his golden ray,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

THE WISH.

BY MERRICK.

How short is life's uncertain space!
Alas! how quickly done!
How swift the wild precarious chace!
And yet how difficult the race,
How very hard to run!

Youth stops at first its wilful ears
To wisdom's prudent voice;
Till now arriv'd to riper years,
Experienc'd age, worn out with cares,
Repents its earlier choice.

What though its prospects now appear
So pleasing and refin'd;
Yet groundless hope, and anxious fear,
By turns the busy moments share,
And prey upon the mind.

Since then false joys our fancy cheat
With hopes of real bliss;
Ye guardian pow'rs that rule my fate,
The only wish that I create,
Is all compris'd in this:

May I through life's uncertain tide,
Be still from pain exempt;
May all my wants be still supply'd,
My state too low t' admit of pride,
And yet above contempt.

But should your providence divine
A greater bliss intend;
May all those blessings you design,
(If e'er those blessings shall be mine)
Be centr'd in a friend.

SONNETS.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

TO THE MOON.

Queen of the silver bow!—by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think,—fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest:
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Releas'd by death—to thy benignant sphere;
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene!

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet poet of the woods—a long adieu!
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the 'night's dull ear.'

Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step, the love-lorn youth shall glide
Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow, and to love!

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

BY JOHN OGLVIE, D. D.

'Twas when the slow declining ray
Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold;
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold;

When by a murmuring rill reclin'd,
Sat wrapt in thought a wandering swain;
Calm peace compos'd his musing mind;
And thus he rais'd the flowing strain:

"Hail, Innocence! celestial maid!
What joys thy blushing charms reveal!
Sweet as the arbour's cooling shade,
And milder than the vernal gale.

" On thee attends a radiant quire,
Soft smiling Peace, and downy Rest,
With Love that prompts the warbling lyre,
And Hope that sooths the throbbing breast.

" O sent from heav'n to haunt the grove,
Where squint-ey'd Envy ne'er can come;
Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
Nor anguish chills the living bloom;

" But spotless Beauty, rob'd in white,
Sits on yon moss-green hill reclin'd;
Serene as heaven's unsully'd light,
And pure as Delia's gentle mind:

" Grant, heav'nly Power! thy peaceful sway
May still my ruder thoughts control;
Thy hand to point my dubious way,
Thy voice to sooth the melting soul!

" Far in the shady sweet retreat
Let thought beguile the lingering hour;
Let quiet court the mossy seat,
And twining olives form the bower.

" Let dove-ey'd Peace her wreath bestow;
And oft sit listening in the dale,
While night's sweet warbler from the bough
Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

"Soft as in Delia's snowy breast,
Let each consenting passion move,
Let angels watch its silent rest,
And all its blissful dreams be love."

VIRTUE AND ORNAMENT.

TO THE LADIES.

BY DR. FORDYCE.

THE diamond's and the ruby's rays
Shine with a milder, finer flame,
And more attract our love and praise
Than Beauty's self, if lost to Fame.

But the sweet tear in Pity's eye
Transcends the diamond's brightest beams;
And the soft blush of Modesty
More precious than the ruby seems.

The glowing gem, the sparkling stone,
May strike the sight with quick surprise;
But Truth and Innocence alone
Can still engage the good and wise.

No glitt'ring ornament or show
Will aught avail in grief or pain:
Only from inward worth can flow
Delight that ever shall remain,

Behold, ye fair, your lovely Queen!
'Tis not her jewels, but her mind;
A meeker, purer, ne'er was seen;
It is her Virtue charms mankind!

VIRTUE AND PLEASURE.

BY THE SAME.

INFORM me, VIRTUE! is it true!
Does PLEASURE really dwell with you?
The sons of sense say, No.
They say, that all who mind your rules
Are gloomy superstitious fools,
And every joy forego.

They say, and openly maintain,
That your rewards are care and pain;
And while on heav'n you preach,
At best 'tis but a phantom fair,
The soul is mortal, melts in air,
And heav'n shall never reach.

Or tell me, PLEASURE! what you feel;
Speak honestly, nor aught conceal:
The matter is of weight.
PLEASURE, sweet power, to Nature dear!
I never wish to be austere;
I seek the happiest state.

PLEASURE replies with modest smile,
"Let not a name thy heart beguile;
My name the sons of sense
Have oft assum'd: but, trust me, they
From happiness are far astray;
'Tis all a mere pretence.

"To me they boast alliance near;
As men of pleasure, men of cheer,
If you will them believe.
Meanwhile they are of CIRCE's crew,
Wretched, defil'd; with painted hue,
Weak mortals to deceive.

"CIRCE, my rival, harlot base!
Her poison'd cup the human race
To phrensy can inflame:
Her blinded followers she betrays;
Her specious arts, her flowery ways,
Lead on to guilt and shame.

"Mine is a purer, nobler rise,
VIRTUE, my parent, from the skies
Came down to bless the earth
With me, the child she bore to LOVE;
A beauteous happy pair above,
And here of highest worth!

"VIRTUE, I grant, is often tried
By sickness, sorrow, envy, pride;
Nor is asham'd to mourn.
But trial strengthens: conscience cheers,
Of death and woe prevents the fears:
Assaults to vict'ry turn.

"Of active life the hard turmoils,
The patriot's cares, the hero's toils,
In brighter triumphs end.
Of friendship, sympathy, the pains,
A gen'rous soul accounts her gains,
While all the good commend.

"But who can paint the heartfelt glow
Of holy love, of thought the flow
Reciprocal, sincere;
Faith's firm repose, hope's vision bright,
Of God's approving face the light,
Of prayer the rapt'rous tear?

"Nor deem such bliss an empty form;
'Tis solid, will defy the storm,
And keep the breast serene;
When all the merriment of Vice,
A low-born vapour, sudden flies,
And leaves a void within.

" An aching void where nought can come,
But self-reproach, and secret gloom,
Earnest of future woe!
Let braggart sinners loudly boast:
To joy, to peace, to comfort lost,
True heart they do not know.

" They dare not face rich Folly's frown;
To saucy Greatness they bow down.
Held fast in Passion's chain
They talk of liberty: 'tis prate.
The slaves of appetite and fate,
They start at every pain.

" Lest Death their trembling souls should seize,
Their blood with mortal horrors freeze,
And all their prospects end.
At that inevitable hour,
My parent, VIRTUE, proves her power,
An everlasting Friend!

" In life, in death, I follow her;
She, she alone, can joys confer,
To fill the human heart:
From heav'n together first we came:
Constant we breathe one common flame,
And never, never part!"

SPRING.

AN ODE.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long-continued strife;
And Nature on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And Vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny consigns;
Whom smiling Nature courts in vain,
Though Rapture sings and Beauty shines.

Yet though my limbs disease invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great Nature charm'd my sight,
Where Wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me through the vales pursue
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great Nature's works renew,
Once more on Wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool Meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal power,
The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright Wisdom! teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

THE MIDSUMMER'S WISH.

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

O Phœbus! down the western sky,
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of Care,
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night;
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet Nature spreads;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
  Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
  Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

Whilst all my wish and thine complete,
  By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
  Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when Nature calls to rest,
  And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
  And bid the waking world farewel.

AUTUMN.

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

Alas! with swift and silent pace
  Impatient Time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and Nature's face
  Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

And Summe

The verdant le
And wanton'
Now trod in du
As Boreas str

The fields that w
As russet heath
Not moist with d
Nor Health, no

No more while thr
Beneath the moo
Soft pleasing woes
As Progne pours

From this capricious
O! would some go
To where each morn
Companion of her

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love and mirth of mighty power.

Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

WINTER.

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

No more the morn with tepid rays
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Through verdant paths now sought in vain.

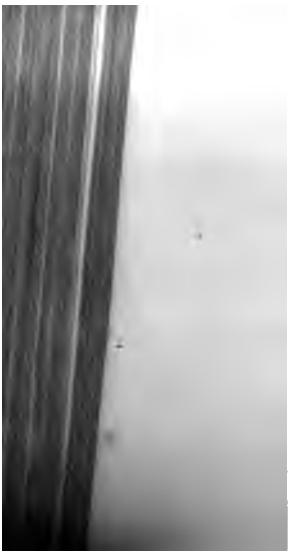
Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat our little sphere;
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy!
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor music charm—though Stella sings;
Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short Summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!



BEHOLD, my
What dreary
The naked hill,
The hoary g

Nor only throu
Stern Winter!
Still wider spre
I feel thy pow

Enlivening Hope
Resign the hea
Scarce frighted L
And Rapture s

In groundless hop
Unhappy man! I
Still changing with
The slave of sens

HYMN

IN THE

ORATORIO OF ABEL.

How cheerful along the gay mead
The daisy and cowslip appear,
The flocks as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year;
The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair Gratitude's call,
Forbid it, Devotion and Love.
The Lord who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My soul shall be wrapt in my God!

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

A FABLE.

BY GAY.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks,
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries,
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast,
By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares:

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill:

'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!
He spoke and sigh'd. In angry mood
PLUTUS, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The vision frown'd, and thus addrest:

Whence is this wild ungrateful rant?
Each sordid rascal's daily cant:
Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
E'en Virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride,
Add every shocking vice beside:
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of Heaven:
Like Heav'n it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.

Their crimes on gold shall Misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let bravoes, then (when blood is spilt),
Upbraid the passive soul with guilt.

TO THE MEMORY OF

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

JANUARY 20, 1779.

THOU great reviver of the Attic fire!
Thou noblest patron of the tuneful lyre!
Thine was the power, and thine the gentle art,
To swell the passions, and subdue the heart!
For thee, the fairest breast has heav'd a sigh,
And the tear started from the brightest eye!
Learning and wit alike have bow'd the knee,
And hermits left their cells to gaze on thee!
On thee shall charm'd remembrance love to rest;
Come every Muse, and strive to praise him best!
For, ah! my lute the tribute cannot pay,
And the big tear has blotted out the lay!
Ye skilful nine, who shall the chaplet weave?
Hail his bright day!—nor mourn his tranquil eve!
Your Garrick hail!—he breathes, he lives again,
Lives in the thought, and breathes in every strain!
Triumphant Fame enrols his acts on high,
And tells the mourner—Garrick cannot die!

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

BY GAY.

WHETHER amid the gloom of Night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my sense
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay sun first breaks the shades of Night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all Nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep, in dewy tears, their beauty lost:
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies:
Yet still, even now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling [illegible] send,
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare—
Yet all his systems but conjectures are;
But this we know, that Heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word, bid num'rous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends:
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds raise;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy morning wakes;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be known;
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow;
But from the Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy.
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God! for ever shine the same.

MAY-EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night;
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state, go, balmy sleep!
'Tis where you've seldom been;
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay;
Till Morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green;
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove;
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love,
For see! the rosy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

TO DREAMS.

A SONNET.

BY MISS MARY JULIA YOUNG.

HAIL gentle spirits, who, with magic wing,
Chase the dark clouds of sullen night away;
And from her murky cave, my fond soul bring,
To revel in the radiant beams of day!

What are you, say? or earthly, or divine,
Who thus can cheer the pangs of chill repose?
With chemic art the dross of sleep refine,
And beauteous scenes to curtain'd eyes disclose.

What are you, who, subduing time and space,
To bless the moments, can a friend restore?
I hear that voice—behold that form—that face,
And grateful own—your power can give no more.
Hail gentle spirits! to whose guardian care
I owe such bliss—yet know not what you are.

CRAZY JANE.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

Occasioned by a Lady's being alarmed at a mad Woman, known by that appellation.

Why fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
Are such signs of fear express'd?
Can a wand'ring wretched creature
With such terrors fill thy breast?
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet—thy fears are vain;
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me! and avoid my woe;
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false—I found them so:
For I lov'd—oh! so sincerely,
None could ever love again;
But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one;
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him,
He was false—and I undone.

From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain;
Henry fled—with him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset;
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met.
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
Still I slowly pace the plain;
While each passer by in pity
Cries—God help thee, Crazy Jane!

TO HIS FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY.

BY POMFRET.

I WOULD not have you, Strephon, chuse a mate
From too exalted, or too mean a state;
For in both these we may expect to find,
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region shares
The least disquiets, and the smallest cares;
Let her extraction with true lustre shine,
If something brighter, not too bright for thine;
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior; nor above her state.

Let her have wit, but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, and pedantry;
For the effect of woman's wit is such,
Too little is as dangerous as too much;
But chiefly let her humour close with thine,
Unless where yours does to a fault incline;
The least disparity in this destroys,
Like sulph'rous blasts, the very buds of joys.
Her person amiable, straight, and free,
From natural, or chance deformity:
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine,
For women past their vigour soon decline.
Her fortune competent; and if thy sight
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right:
If thine's enough, then hers may be the less;
Do not aspire to riches in excess;
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel *sufficiency* and *love*.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

BY BLAIR.

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow, and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door and live upon the dead,

By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glittering in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard the unwieldy show; whilst from the casements,
And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

ON HEARING THE TOLLING OF A BELL.

BY THE REV. MR. RIVERS.

A PENSIVE sadness overwhelms my soul,
And fills my mind with melancholy dread;
For, hark! I hear the solemn awful toll,
That leads my thoughts to contemplate the dead.

Perhaps some gay Lothario now is laid
In "narrow cell," and freed from mortal care:
Perhaps some charming artless lovely maid,
Her sex's pride, the fairest of the fair.

Ah! what is beauty, what is elegance?
What is the radiance of the brightest eye?
When death begins to lead the awful dance*,
We turn to dust, and are but vanity.

Say, can bright beauty's magic power save
Its lov'd possessor from the loathsome tomb?
O! while ambition's colours round us wave,
Can we escape th' inevitable doom?

Nor wealth, nor power, nor proud looks avail,
Inexorable Death no favour shows;
We all must travel through the gloomy vale,
That leads to endless joys, or endless woes.

* Alluding to Hans Holbein's painting of the "Dance of Death."

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

To Maria, on reading to her Sterne's beautiful Story of that Name.

As Sterne's pathetic tale you hear,
Why rudely check the rising sigh?
Why seek to hide the pitying tear,
Whose lustre aids the brilliant eye?

Tears which lament another's woe,
Unveil the goodness of the heart;
Uncheck'd, unheeded these should flow—
They please beyond the pow'r of art.

Does not yon crimson-tinted rose,
Whose op'ning blush delights the view,
More splendid colouring disclose,
When brightly gemm'd with morning dew?

So shall Maria's beauteous face,
Drest in more pleasing charms appear;
When aided by the matchless grace
Of Pity's sympathising Tear.

THE NATURALIST'S SUMMER EVENING'S WALK.

BY THE REV. MR. WHITE.

When day declining sheds a milder gleam,
What time the may-fly haunts the pool or stream;
When the still owl skims round the glassy mead,
What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed:
Then be the time to steal adown the vale,
And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale:
To hear the clamorous curlew call his mate,
Or the soft quail his tender pain relate.
To see the swallow sweep the dark'ning plain,
Belated, to support her infant train:
To mark the swift, in rapid giddy ring,
Dash round the steeple, unsubdu'd of wing.
Amusive birds!—Say, where your hid retreat,
When the frost rages, and the tempests beat?
Whence your return by such nice instinct led,
When spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled searches mocks man's prying pride,
The God of Nature is your secret guide.
While deep'ning shades obscure the face of day,
To yonder bench, leaf-shelter'd, let us stray;
Till blended objects fail the swimming sight,
And all the fading landscape sinks in night;

To hear the drowsy dor come rushing by
With buzzing wing, or hear the cricket cry.
To see the feeding bat glance through the wood,
To catch the distant falling of the flood;
While o'er the cliff the awaken'd churn-owl hung,
Through the still gloom protracts his chattering song:
While high in air, and pois'd upon his wings,
Unseen the soft enamour'd wood-lark sings.
These, Nature's works, the curious mind employ,
Inspire a soothing melancholy joy:
As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping mind
Each rural sight, each sound, each smell, combine.
The tinkling sheep-bell; or the breath of kine:
The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze,
Or cottage chimney smoking through the trees.
The chilling night-dews fall—away, retire,
For see, the glow-worm lights her amorous fire:
Then ere night's veil had half obscured the sky,
Th' impatient damsel hung her lamp on high:
True to the signal by love's meteor led,
Leander hasten'd to his Hero's bed.

ON THE

DEATH OF A FAVORITE CHILD.

BY THE REV. J. MOIR.

Ah! whither hast thou flown, delightful boy,
Pride of thy father; all thy mother's joy;
Still pleas'd with all: and happy all to please,
Gay without art, and innocent with ease?
But thou like ev'ry fleeting bliss art gone,
Reclaim'd by Heaven: and its "will be done."
Thy little heart, as honest as thy face,
Now throbs no longer with the seeds of grace:
Bright as they were, alas! thy sparkling eyes
Are doom'd no more in extasy to rise:
Those lips so often kissed are red no more,
How clay cold all that we embrac'd before!
No more these arms shall press thee to my heart,
Thy charms no more their wonted sweets impart.
But why repine? Thy happier mind's at rest;
And, while we cry, triumphs among the blest;
Quits earth's poor comforts for a throne above,
In Heaven's own bosom shares paternal love.
Dear prattling child, to all our hearts still dear,
Long shall we bathe thy memory with a tear:
Farewell—too promising on earth to dwell,
Sweetest of fondlings, best of babes, farewell:

How happy they who thus escape while young,
Ere vice has time to stifle right with wrong;
Whose visionary life, on wings of wind,
Speeds far away, and leaves all ills behind.

TRANSLATION OF THE FORTIETH ODE OF ANACREON.

BY ROBERT FARREN CHEETHAM.

Cupid once, in evil hour,
Cropp'd the pride of Flora's bow'r;
Cropp'd a rose, nor chanc'd to see,
Within the flow'r a sleeping bee:
But soon his fingers felt the smart
Inflicted by its tiny dart.
The god, unus'd to suffer pain,
Blew his hand, and shriek'd amain:
Flying then with ruffled mien,
To the fair Idalian Queen,
"O Mamma!" he wildly cries,
"Wounded, save, thy Cupid dies!
Me a little serpent stung,
Hid the rose-bud leaves among,
Deck'd with curious wings like me,
Ploughmen call the thing a bee."

Wiping Love's tear-streaming eyes,
Archly smiling—she replies:
"Cupid, if a thing so small
Pain thee thus, and give thee thrall,
Think, O think, what torturing woe
They, who feel thy dart, must know."

SONNET TO THE RIVER TWEED.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

O Tweed! a stranger that, with wand'ring feet,
O'er hill and dale has journey'd many a mile;
If so his weary thoughts he might beguile,
Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to greet.

The waving branches that romantic bend
O'er thy tall banks, a soothing charm bestow;
The murmurs of thy wand'ring wave below,
Seem to his ear the pity of a friend.

Delightful stream! though now along thy shore,
When Spring returns in all her wonted pride,
The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more,
Yet here with pensive peace could I abide:
Far from the stormy world's tumultuous roar,
To muse upon thy banks at even tide.

VIRTUE'S REPLY TO PLEASURE.

SPENCE.

'Tis with the gods and godlike men I dwell,
Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty sire,
Regards well pleas'd; whatever works excel,
All or divine, or human, I inspire.

Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
In union meet, conjoin'd with me reside;
My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart,
The surest policy, the wisest guide.
With me true friendship dwells: she deigns to bind
Those generous souls alone, whom I before have join'd.

Nor need my friends the various costly feast,
Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies;
Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest,
Sweet is their sleep: light, cheerful, strong they rise.

Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure and renown,
They tread my paths: and, by a soft descent,
At length to age all gently sinking down,
Look back with transport on a life well spent.
In which, no hour flew unimprov'd away,
In which, some generous deed distinguish'd every day.

And when, the destin'd term at length complete,
Their ashes rest in peace; eternal fame
Sounds wide their praise: triumphant over fate,
In sacred song for ever lives their name.

This Hercules is happiness! obey
My voice, and live. Let thy celestial birth
Lift and enlarge thy thoughts. Behold the way
That leads to fame, and raises thee from earth.
Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,
Pursue the glorious path, and claim thy native skies.

HYMN TO CONTENT.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temp'rate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth, unalter'd brow.

O come, in simplest vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delights.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
Thy modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair op'ning through this vale of tears,
A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temp'rate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet;
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek submitted head,
And kiss'd thy sainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph, retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy simple tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet, blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may chuse to hail thy pow'r,
And court thy gentle sway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse
And shed thy milder day.

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And ev'ry storm is laid;
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
Low whisp'ring through the shade.

... pleasure deer
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Still I love th
Of gentle evening fai

Did'st thou, sh
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Has thy cottag
That she loves
Dost thou not a
Feel some soft s
Gliding o'er thy
Leave sweet sere
While all disarm
Steal through the
Love to think thy
In this undistingu
Far from the worl
Thy little virtues
Go, and in day's n

FOR

THE MONUMENT

OF

ROSE:

A FAVOURITE SPANIEL.

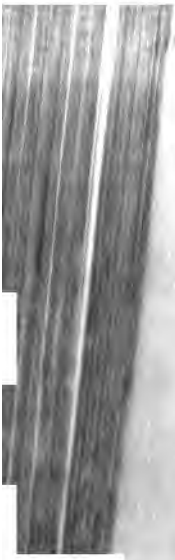
By the Earl of Carlisle.

Ye fairy sprites, who oft by dusky eve,
When no rude noise disturbs this peaceful grove,
O'er cowslips' heads your airy dances weave,
Or with your females whisper tales of love.

A favourite's urn protect with ev'ry spell,
That by the conscious moon ye here prepare:
Nor in the breast the heaving sigh repel,
Nor in the redden'd eye the starting tear.

For ye have seen her at the rise of day,
Fair as the blushing flower, whose name she bore;
Try the thick copse, or in the valleys play,
Neglect her not, though all her beauty 's o'er.

Lest should some heifer from the neighbouring mead,
Or playful colt her little tomb profane;
Lest on that breast the turf too hard they tread,
Which ne'er knew sorrow, nor e'er tasted pain.



Or in the val

THE

FABLES

OF

FLORA,

BY

Dr. LANGHORNE.

.....Sylvas, saltusque sequamur
Intactos..... VIRGIL.

To which is prefixed

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

By F. BLAGDON, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR B. CROSBY AND CO.
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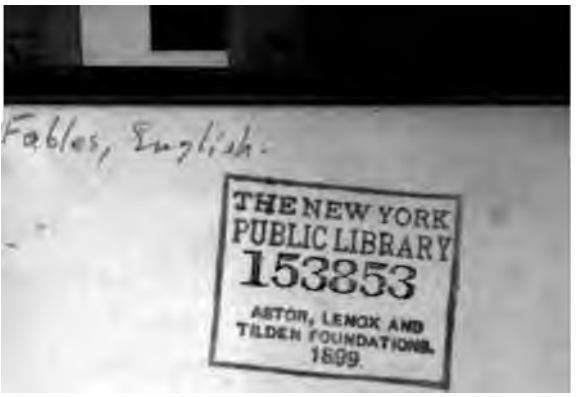
1804.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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the following Poems, the plan of Fable is somewhat enlarged, and the province so far extended, that the original NARRATIVE *and* MORAL *may be accompanied with imagery, description, and sentiment. The scenery is formed in a department of Nature adapted to the genius and disposition of* POETRY; *where she finds new objects, interests, and connexions, to exercise her fancy and her powers. If the execution, therefore, be unsuccessful, it is not the fault of the Plan, but of the Poet.*

LIFE

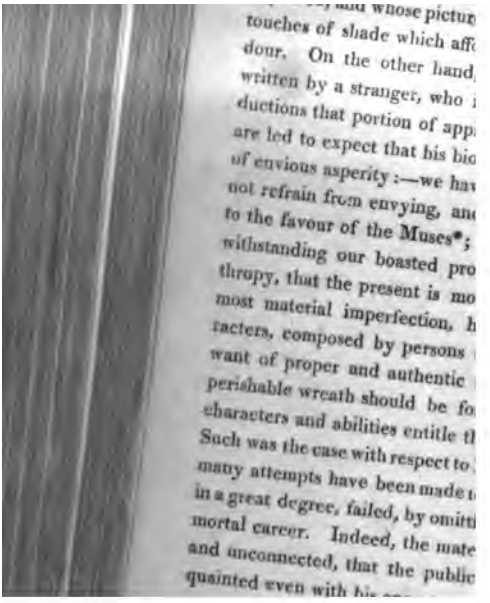
OF

DR. LANGHORNE.

Of all classes of literature, it is generally admitted, that none is more pleasing to writers, or more interesting to readers of taste, than biographical accounts of characters who have been eminent for their learning or their talents. Indeed, this sort of knowledge has ever been sought after with avidity, for it is to the biography of departed eminence, when composed with characteristic truth, that posterity must refer for examples of every quality and action that is praise-worthy great, and glorious. But, of all others, the lives of poets have ever proved particularly entertaining; because, as Horace justly observes, they are born, but not made. "*Poeta nascitur, non fit;*" and because, in all ages, they have from the greatest to those of the most meagre pretensions, generally experienced the utmost extremes of good and evil, the most extraordinary vicissitudes and shades of calamity.

Gibbon has observed, that "the nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of a Marlborough, but that the *Fairy Queen* is the most precious jewel in their coronet;" by which he evidently means, that titles receive additional lustre, when those to whom they descend, or are given, possess poetical qualifications. It therefore follows, that these qualifications, when united with piety and genius, are holden by the world in such deservedly high estimation, that no earthly recompense can reflect on them additional grandeur.

But the labours of the necrologist, though excessive, are, when *weighed in the scale of* impartiality and justice, generally found



LIFE OF LANGHORNE.

He was born at Kirkby-Stephen, Westmorland, in March, 1735, and was only four years old at the death of his father, when his mother, being in circumstances far from affluent, gave him the first rudiments of education, which he afterwards completed at Appleby. His progress in classical learning is a striking instance, to the many on record, of what is to be effected by perseverance and a desire for study; he having been able, at the early age of thirteen, to read and construe the Greek Testament.

At the age of eighteen, having acquired a perfect knowledge of ancient literature, and his circumstances being inadequate to his expectations, he engaged himself as a private tutor in a family near Ripon, where he wrote "Studley Park, an Elegy written amongst the Ruins of Pontefract Castle, and an Ode to the River Eden," all of which being considered by their author as nothing more than juvenile efforts, were despised by him, though they really possess a considerable portion of merit. Studley Park was written in praise of a beautiful spot, and perhaps with a hope of finding a patron in its possessor, in which, however, having failed, he did not retain the poem in his collection; but it is now before the public, and by no means diminishes the reputation he has gained.

He afterwards became an assistant at the free-school in Wakefield, where he soon acquired deacon's orders, and gained much popularity as a preacher. In 1759, he was engaged as a preceptor to the sons of R. Cracroft, Esq. of Hackthorn, Lincolnshire, and here he soon gave a proof of the liberality of his heart, by publishing a volume of poems for the benefit of a reduced gentleman in distress. In the preface to this volume he feelingly observes, "If any one, into whose hands this work shall fall, should be dissatisfied with his purchase, let him remember that it is published for the relief of a gentleman in distress; and that he has not thrown away five shillings in the purchase of a worthless book, but contributed so much to the assistance of indigent merit. I had rather have my readers feel that pleasure which arises from the sense of having done one

virtuous deed, than all they can enjoy from the works of poetry and wit."

Having a desire to take the degree of bachelor of divinity, he entered himself, in 1760, at Clare Hall, where he wrote the poems on the accession and marriage of his present majesty, which are now published in the tale of "Solyman and Almena."

As, by the statutes of the university of Cambridge, a person may take his degrees without being compelled to become a resident, Mr. Langhorne was enabled to continue in the family of Mr. Crocroft, where, from a congeniality of sentiment, an attachment of the most tender nature originated between him and Miss Ann, the second daughter of that gentleman. This young lady was very accomplished, and, by her love for study, formed a striking contrast to the generality of modern females. She devoted much attention to the cultivation of the elegant arts, and, under the tuition of Mr. Langhorne, she became proficient in the Italian language. It also appears, that she peculiarly excelled in that delightful, that heavenly science, which

> "——— can soften steel and stone,
> Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
> Forsake unsounded deeps and dance on sands."

And this being her favourite study, our readers will readily conceive the impression it must have made on a heart of far less sensibility than that of Mr. Langhorne; for justly has it been observed, that

> "The man who hath no music in his soul,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

The situation, however, in which this gentleman was placed can only be conceived, to its full extent, by those who have been in a similar predicament. Such can form a just idea of the feelings of our author, who, although possessed of all the facility of elegant gentlemanly manners which result from a liberal education, [redacted] *of sensibility*, although he found his heart overflowed

limest sensation, yet it was long ere he could acquire sufficient resolution to make a declaration of his passion to her, who was the favourite daughter of his opulent employer. At length, however, he made known his feelings, and the result was a strong, though secret, attachment on the part of his pupil, who, from prudential motives and an apprehension, probably well founded, that the great disproportion of their circumstances would preclude the consent of her family to such a union, at first gave a direct refusal to his solicitations. Mr. Langhorne, however, by addressing to her some odes, elegies, and amatory expostulations, happily kept up the flame which he had elicited, and she remained

> "Constant as courage to the brave in battle,
> Constant as martyrs burning for their gods."

But the disappointment which he had experienced rendering his situation at Hackthorn insupportable, he, in 1761, removed to Dagenham, in Essex, where he officiated as a curate, and though, like most men of talents and genius, he was obliged to depend on his exertions for support, yet he devoted a considerable portion of time to cultivate the friendship of the Muses, who had already adopted him as their favoured pupil. In 1759, he wrote the "Death of Adonis, a Pastoral Elegy, from Bion*," which, I think, though I have never observed it particularly noticed in any criticism on his works, is one of the most charming of his poetical compositions. For instance, what can be prettier than the frantic address of Venus to the already dead Adonis.

> "Yet stay, lov'd youth, a moment, ere we part,
> Oh, let me kiss thee, hold thee to my heart!
> A little moment, dear Adonis, stay
> And kiss thy Venus, ere those lips are clay.

* It was my intention to contrast some passages of this Elegy with extracts from a very elegant *prose translation* of Bion, by Edward du Bois, Esq. published in 1790, *but the limits in* which this memoir must be confined frustrates my intention.

Let those dear lips by mine once more be prest,
Till thy last breath expire into my breast;
Then, when life's ebbing pulse scarce, scarce can move,
I'll catch thy soul, and drink thy dying love;
That last-left pledge shall sooth my tortur'd breast, &c."

The "Tears of Music," in memory of Handel, he wrote in 1760; the "Hymn to Hope," in 1761; and the "Viceroy and Visions of Fancy," in 1762. It appears, that Lord Halifax, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, to whom the "Viceroy" was addressed, did not even thank the author for the compliment.

In the "Visions of Fancy," which is one of his most celebrated pieces, we perceive the state of his mind at that period; a state of love almost subdued by despair, yet relying for relief on hope. These elegies, particularly the first and third, are extremely elegant and harmonious.

In the same year he composed his "Letters on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthusiasm;" and "Solyman and Almena;" and having dedicated the former to Bishop Warburton, he soon gained the attention of that prelate. It was in consequence of the notice he received from him, that he wrote the "Letters supposed to have passed between Theodosius and Constantia," which are highly esteemed for the purity of their style and elegance of their doctrine.

Having, in the year 1764, obtained the appointment of curate and lecturer of St. John's, Clerkenwell, he removed to the metropolis, and shortly afterwards published two volumes of "Sermons," which, however, had enemies as well as admirers. The "Tracts on Religious Philosophy" are likewise sound, elegant, and useful discourses, which strongly exhibit the pleasures arising from the practice of virtue, exclusive of the interposition of Divine will.

About this period he formed a connection with the proprietor of the Monthly Review, which continued, with little intermission, till his decease; and those who can form an idea of the duties of such an engagement, when they are discharged with independence, will conceive that the doctor must have acquired

and not a few enemies. Amongst the latter was Hugh Kelly, who published a poem which contained a very illiberal invective against him; particularly the accusation of damning, in the Review, all works of excellence, and praising his own. It is proper, however, that the public should know (and I have been assured of the fact on undisputed authority) that, in all the established Reviews, no author is suffered to write an account of his own work. On the contrary, if he furnish sketches, or hints, of his own publication, they are rigidly examined, and corrected by the editor with the strictest impartiality. But to return to the subject of our memoir: in the year 1765, he was appointed by Dr. Hurd, the present bishop of Worcester, assistant preacher at Lincoln's Inn; and, in the same year, he published his "Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit." They were followed by a poem in favour of the Scotch, called "Genius and Valour," which, by opposing the "Prophecy of Famine" of Churchill, drew upon him the enmity of that satyrist; the attack, however, did not deprive him of any portion of his credit. On the contrary, he was rewarded, in 1766, by the university of Edinburgh, with the degree of doctor in divinity.

At length, in 1767, the doctor was united to Miss Ann Cracroft, with whom, for five years, he had kept up an incessant correspondence; and the letters were, after her decease, and by her particular request, published under the title of "Letters to Eleonora."

Soon after his marriage a living was purchased at Blagdon, Somersetshire, to which the doctor retired with his beloved companion. But his happiness was of short duration; for, at the end of eighteen months, Mrs. Langhorne, in the most awful trial to which a female is exposed, forfeited her existence, leaving an infant son, now the Rev. J. T. Langhorne, already mentioned.

The impression which the loss of such an accomplished partner made upon the mind of the doctor was extreme; and in order to bury *the recollection of* past felicity, he retired to Folkstone, and *resided with his elder brother*, the Rev. W. Langhorne: here

published his poem, entitled "The Enlargement of the Mind," which is in praise of paternal affection.

It was in this retirement that he succeeded, with the assistance of his brother, in making a complete translation of the "Lives of Plutarch;" an undertaking evidently executed with consummate ability, and which will render any other translation superfluous. He employed the first years of his widowhood in lamentations for the loss of his accomplished lady, by composing some interesting verses written at Sandgate Castle: he also wrote some beautiful stanzas to the late Mr. Scott, of Amwell, who had experienced a similar domestic misfortune; and this brought on an intimacy between the two gentlemen, which continued during their lives.

About this time he published the "Letters supposed to have passed between St. Evremond and Waller;" and "Frederic and Pharamond;" while, in the same year, 1771, he completely established his reputation as a poet, by the publication of those charming "Fables" which form the subject of the present volume. The plan of the fable, according to the just explanation given by the author himself, "is here enlarged, and the province so far extended, that the original narrative and moral may be accompanied with imagery, description, and sentiment. The scenery is formed in a department of nature, adapted to the genius and disposition of poetry, where she finds new objects, interests, and connections to exercise her fancy and her powers." In addition to this statement, all readers of taste will concur in the justice of the following remarks by Mr. Langhorne, junior: "The rural imagery on which the fables are grounded, had not been before adapted to that species of poetry; and the moral is so naturally interwoven with the narrative, that its effect is more forcible and more pleasing than when unconnected with the relation. Impersonation may certainly be applied, with as much reason, to the vegetable as to the animal creation, if the characteristic attributes of each plant or flower are faithfully marked, and the unity of the fable is maintained. The

beautiful fields of vegetative nature afford an ample range for the poet and the moralist; and since every avenue which leads to knowledge, and unlocks the sources of moral truth, requires to be disclosed, the mode of conveying instruction, by allegorising the scenery of nature, must be considered as an acquisition to literature; not only as it extends the province of the poetic genius, but as tending to inspire just and rational sentiments of virtue."

His poem, entitled "The Origin of the Veil," was also written in 1771, while he was on a visit at Potton, in Bedfordshire; and returning, in 1772, to his native county, he married the daughter of ——— Thompson, Esq. a magistrate, who resided near Brough. With her he made a short tour through part of France, and, on his return, he retired to his parsonage at Blagdon, where he passed the remainder of his days.

In 1773, he was put in the commission of the peace, and at the importunity of his friend and coadjutor, Dr. Burn, he wrote the "Country Justice," a poem, in three parts. He also translated, from the Italian, "A Historical Dissertation on the ancient Republics of Italy."

It is a very remarkable circumstance in the life of this author, that, in less than four years after his marriage, his second wife experienced the same fate as his first:

> "'Tis thus that Heaven its empire does maintain,
> It may afflict, but man may not complain."

She left him a daughter, whom, by will, he confided to the care of Mrs. Gillman, a lady whose friendship he had gained by some poetical compliments.

By his interest with the Bouverie family, he was, in 1777, presented to a prebend in the cathedral of Wells, and would have experienced the highest dignities in his profession, if, in the death of Mr. York, for whom the seals were intended, the doctor had not lost a patron from whom he had received the strongest professions of friendship. But

and though it might be expe
have been proof against such
wholly recovered this disap
which lasted three years, and
April, 1779, in the forty-fifth y

During his illness, however
is considered as one of his mo
tremely pathetic, and, from its
commonly interesting.

The different productions of
ly examined by Dr. Anderson,
do honour to his erudition and
the doctor, as a writer, may be
lowing paragraph.

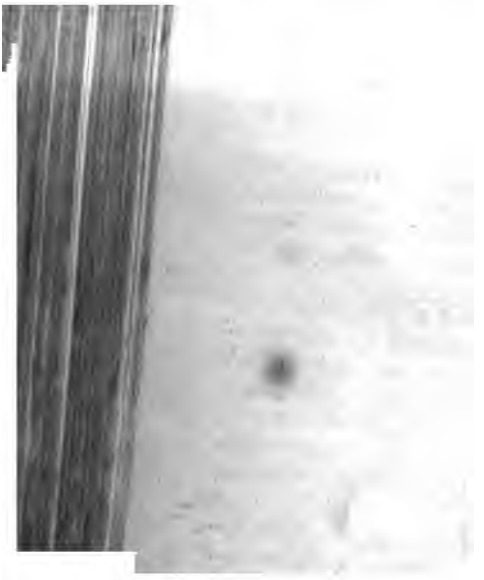
"As a poet, his compositions
marks of genius; a fine imaginati
and enthusiasm, the great essenti
and place them far above the st
tenderness of love and the s
adapted to his genius, as well as

t in ease and distinctness. His chief faults are redundant
ion, and an affectation of false and unnecessary ornament.
ot always contented with that concise and simple language
s sufficient to express his sentiments, but is tempted to in-
a superfluous diction, by the fascinating charms of novelty
mony. By giving way to the luxury of words, and immo-
embellishment, he sometimes, though rarely, violates simpli-
ad becomes unavoidably inaccurate and redundant. His
nts, however, are always just, often new, and generally
. A great degree of elegance and classical simplicity runs
a all his compositions; and his descriptions of nature, rural
, pictures of private virtue, and pastoral innocence, have a
is selection of circumstances, a graceful plainness of expres-
d a happy mixture of pathos and sentiment, which mark the
r poet.

s an author, he is more esteemed for his poetic than his
productions, though candour must admit the latter possess
legree of fancy, sentiment, and erudition, as entitles them
ore general approbation than they have hitherto received;
he numerous prose works he wrote, none have been in great
since his death, except 'Solyman and Almena, Theodosius
nstantia, and Plutarch's Lives,' which have gone through
editions."

wrote a dramatic piece, in 1765, entitled "The Fatal Pro-
' but in this he was less successful than in any of his other
ions. Indeed, it does not appear to be calculated for re-
ation.

private character of Dr. Langhorne, in the several depart-
of life, was such as to entitle his memory to that respect
ociety in general must ever retain for an affectionate parent,
erested friend, and a benevolent man.



FABLE I.

THE SUN-FLOWER AND THE IVY.

As duteous to the place of prayer
Within the convent's lonely walls,
The holy sisters still repair,
What time the rosy morning calls:

The flower of P[illegible]
To meet the P[illegible]

And where, along
Her God in brigh
Still there her fond
And there her go

When calling from t
On western waves
Still there she sought
And there she turn

Such duty in a flower displayed
The holy sisters smiled to see,
Forgave the Pagan rites it paid,
And loved its fond idolatry.

But painful still, though meant for kind,
The praise that falls on Envy's ear!
O'er the dim window's arch intwined,
The canker'd Ivy chanced to hear.

And "See," she cried, "that specious flower,
"Whose flattering bosom courts the sun,
"The pageant of a gilded hour,
"The convent's simple hearts hath won!

"Obsequious meanness! ever prone
"To watch the patron's turning eye;
"No will, no motion of its own!
"'Tis this they love, for this they sigh:

" The flattering c
" Nor spoil the

" To me their prai
" Of longer bloo
" Whom changing
" And find them

" How well," the m
" Can ENVY's wr
" The obvious bound
" Foul FLATTERY

" When low this golden form shall fall
" And spread with dust its parent plain;
" That dust shall hear his genial call,
" And rise, to glory rise again.

" To thee, my gracious power, to thee
" My love, my heart, my life are due!
" Thy goodness gave that life to be;
" Thy goodness shall that life renew.

" Ah me! one moment from thy sight
" That thus my truant-eye should stray!
" The God of glory sets in night;
" His faithless flower has lost a day."

Sore grieved the flower, and drooped her head;
And sudden tears her breast bedewed:
Consenting tears the sisters shed,
And, wrapt in holy wonder, viewed.

With joy, with pious pride elate,
" Behold," the aged abbess cries,
" An emblem of that happier fate
" Which heaven to all but us denies.

" Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
" No charm but duty's charm can move;
" We shed no tears but holy tears
" Of tender penitence and love.

" See there the envious world pourtrayed
" In that dark look, that creeping pace!
" No flower can bear the Ivy's shade;
" No tree support its cold embrace.

" The oak that rears it from the ground,
" And bears its tendrils to the skies,
" Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
" And in its poisonous arms he dies."

Her moral thus the matron read,
Studious to teach her children dear,
And they by love, or duty led,
With pleasure heard, or seemed to hear.

Yet one less duteous, not less fair,
(In convents still the tale is known)
The fable heard with silent care,
But found a moral of her own.

The flower that smiled along the day,
And droop'd in tears at evening's fall;
Too well she found her life display,
Too well her fatal lot recall.

The treacherous Ivy's gloomy shade,
That murdered what it most embraced,
Too well that cruel scene conveyed
Which all her fairer hopes effaced.

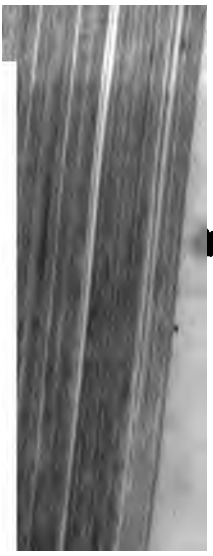
To the dim light she cas

And bade *once more* tl

FABLE II.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THERE are that love the shades of life,
And shun the splendid walks of Fame;
There are that hold it rueful strife
To risk AMBITION's losing game:



Content to s
In Friendsl

Than vainer f
The Evenin
Blooms only t
And loves it

In Eden's vale
At the dim tw
On his time-smc
With wonder

" Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
" The hamlet's little train behold;
" Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
" When thine the falling shades unfold.

" Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
" When love has filled his heart with cares,
" For flowers he rifles all the meads,
" For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

" Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom
" On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath,
" Let smiling suns those gems illume!
" Fair flower, to live unseen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or streams that steal through even vales,
And murmur that they move so slow:

The bird of eve app
And answered th

L
By moonlight shade
Lovely flower, we
Of our pleasures dee
Laughing day may l
But I love the mo
Still I love the mo
Of gentle ev'ning fair,

Didst thou, shephe
Pleasure is of pens

Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet serenity behind;
While all disarmed, the cares of day
Steal through the falling gloom away?
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undistinguished shade.
Far from the world's infectious view,
Thy little virtues safely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour,
Guard thy emblematic flower.

FABLE III.

THE LAUREL AND THE REED.

THE Reed* that once the shepherd blew
On old CEPHISUS' hallowed side,
To SYLLA'S cruel bow applied,
Its inoffensive master slew.

* The reeds on the banks of the Cephisus, of which the shepherds made their pipes, Sylla's soldiers used for arrows.

Thy rage let innoce
Let music soothe

He frowned—He ba
The arrow smote t
No more its tone his
Nor wake its voca

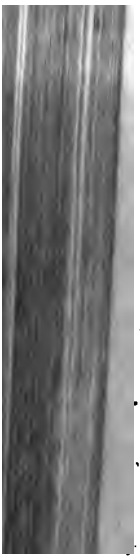
Cephisus, from his s
With woe beheld t
He mourned, and, as t
Assenting sighed e

"Ah! what, unheedful have we done!
"What demons here in death delight?
"What fiends that curse the social sun?
"What furies of infernal night?

"See, see, my peaceful shepherds bleed!
"Each heart in harmony that vied,
"Smote by its own melodious Reed,
"Lies cold, along my blushing side.

"Back to your urn, my waters, fly;
"Or find in earth some secret way;
"For horror dims yon conscious sky,
"And hell has issued into day."

Through DELPHI's holy depth of shade
The sympathetic sorrows ran;
While in his dim and mournful glade
The genius of her groves began:

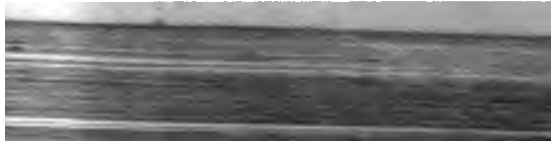


"And mourns for

"In vain my violated
"Must I with equa
"While desolation st
"And bids the sang

"God of the genial st
"My laurel shades
"Those leaves no poe
"Nor bind APOLLO

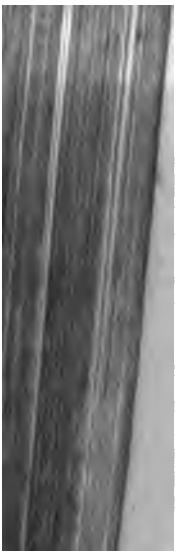
" Yet deem not these of PLUTO's race,
" Whom wounded NATURE sues in vain;
" Pluto disclaims the dire disgrace,
" And cries, indignant, " They are men."



FABLE IV.

THE GARDEN ROSE AND THE WILD ROSE.

As DEE, whose current free from stain,
Glides fair o'er MERIONETH'S plain,
By mountains forced his way to steer
Along the lake of PIMBLE MERE,



And leads his luc
Unmixed, unsulli
So clear through l
So free could THC
Could HOPE as sp
As first she left he
Unsought in her ro
The keeper of her

But ah! they will n
When life's first fair
The glowing hand o

Come, then; thy kind recesses ope!
Fair keeper of the dreams of HOPE!
Come with thy visionary train;
And bring my morning scenes again!

To ENON's wild and silent shade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid;
What time the *woodland* GENIUS came,
And touched me with his holy flame.—

Or, where the hermit, BELA, leads
Her waves through solitary meads;
And only feeds the desart-flower,
Where once she soothed my slumbering hour:
Or roused by STAINMORE's wintry sky,
She wearies echo with her cry;
And oft, what storms her bosom tear,
Her deeply-wounded banks declare.

Or BROCKLEY
Or, winding ro
Silently glide, \
To sound his h

To these fair sce
O MEMORY! be
For, when life's \
'Tis simple Natu

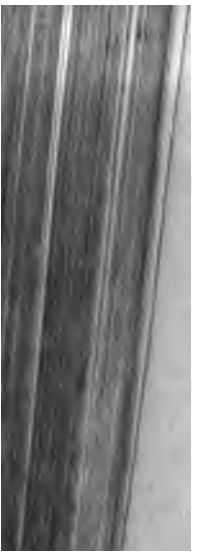
'Twas th...

A Rose, the poet's favourite flower,
From FLORA's cultured walks he bore;
No fairer bloomed in ESHER's bower,
Nor PRIOR's charming CHLOE wore.

No fairer flowers could FANCY twine
To hide ANACREON's snowy hair;
For there ALMERIA's bloom divine,
And ELLIOT's sweetest blush was there.

When she, the pride of courts, retires,
And leaves for shades, a nation's love,
With awe the village maid admires,
How WALDEGRAVE looks, how WALDEGRAVE moves.

So marvelled much in ENON's shade
The flowers that all uncultured grew,
When there the splendid Rose displayed
Her swelling breast, and shining hue.



simpler bloc
The pensive

"Mistaken yout
"From nature
"The bard, by sl
"No more shal

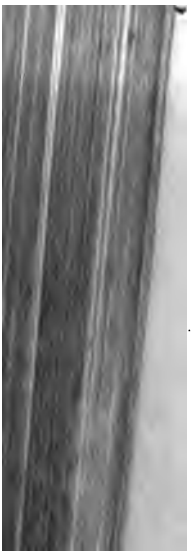
"Luxuriant, like t
"And [illegible] the b
"But far, in beauty
"That flowed to

" Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee
" Wild sweetness which no words express,
" And charms in thy simplicity,
" That dwell not in the pride of dress."

FABLE V.

THE VIOLET AND THE PANSY.

SHEPHERD, if near thy artless breast
The God of fond desires repair;
Implore him for a gentle guest,
Implore him with unwearied prayer.



Should these thy
And steal thy w

That heart shall so
And soon the err
If in the beauteous
No gentle virtue's

Far from his hive on
A young and yet u
Borne on his tender w
Went forth the flow

By nature urged, by instinct led,
The bosom of a flower he sought,
Where streams mourned round a mossy bed,
And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dies,
On that fair bank a Pansy grew,
That borrowed from indulgent skies
A velvet shade and purple hue.

The tints that streamed with glossy gold,
The velvet shade, the purple hue,
The stranger wondered to behold,
And to its beauteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,
At evening's fall, his fair to meet,
When o'er the hardly-bending meads
He springs on more than mortal feet.

Than felt the fond e
When first the go

Ah! pity much his y
His heart in beaut
So never passion thee
But where the geni

In vain he seeks those
No soul-sustaining
No honeyed sweetness
The languid waste o

"Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
"That courts thine eye with fair attire;
"Who smiles to win the heedless heart,
"Will smile to see that heart expire.

"This modest flower of humbler hue,
"That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,
"Arrayed in unbespangled blue,
"The simple cloathing of the skies—

"This flower, with balmy sweetness blest,
"May yet thy languid life renew:"
He said, and to the Violet's breast
The little vagrant faintly flew.

FABLE VI.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW AND THE CROWN IMPERIAL.

FROM BACTRIA'S vales, where beauty blows
Luxuriant in the genial ray;
Where flowers a bolder gem disclose,
And deeper drink the golden day:

Full nigh the st
The honours

In all the pomp
In all the easte
He bade, with na
Each flower of

O, that the child u
Nor hold it stran
That freedom even
To flowers that bl

Through purple

That sway the CROWN IMPERIAL sought,
With high demand and haughty mien:
But equal claim a rival brought,
A rival called the MEADOW'S QUEEN.

"In climes of orient glory born,
"Where beauty first and empire grew;
"Where first unfolds the golden morn,
"Where richer falls the fragrant dew:

"In light's ethereal beauty drest,
"Behold," he cried, "the favoured flower,
"Which FLORA's high commands invest
"With ensigns of imperial power!

"Where prostrate vales, and blushing meads,
"And bending mountains own his sway,
"While PERSIA's lord his empire leads,
"And bids the trembling world obey;

" 'Tis mine to bind
" And reign in en

" Then lowly bow, y
" Confess your mo
" And own the only
" When fear flies t

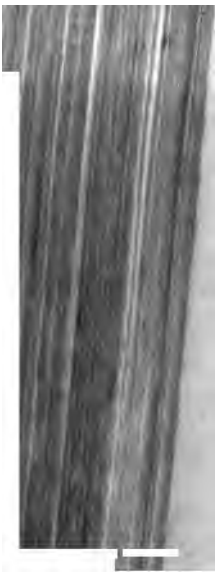
He said, and sudden o
From flower to flow
With modest air, and
When thus the MEA

"If war my peaceful realms assail,
"And then, unmoved by pity's call,
"I smile to see the bleeding vale,
"Or feel one joy in nature's fall.

"Then may each justly vengeful flower
"Pursue her Queen with generous strife,
"Nor leave the hand of lawless power
"Such compass on the scale of life.

"One simple virtue all my pride!
"The wish that flies to misery's aid;
"The balm that stops the crimson tide*,
"And heals the wounds that war has made."

* The property of that flower.



And fairer blus
And sweeter

FABLE VII.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

"WHY loves my flower, the sweetest flower
"That swells the golden breast of May,
"Thrown rudely o'er this ruined tower,
"To waste her solitary day?

"Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
"The grove and genial garden call,
"Will she her fragrant soul exhale,
"Unheeded on the lonely wall?

"For never sure was beauty born
"To live in death's deserted shade!
"Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
"My banks for life and beauty made."

Thus PITY waked the tender thought,
And by her sweet persuasion led,
To seize the hermit-flower I sought,
And bear her from her stony bed.

I sought—but sudden on mine ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And smote my heart with holy fear—
The GENIUS *of the Ruin* spoke.

"From thee be far th' ungentle deed,
"The honours of the dead to spoil,
"Or take the sole remaining meed,
"The flower that crowns their former toil!

"Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
"Or fond to grace this barren shade;
"'Tis NATURE tells her to bestow
"Her honours on the lonely dead.

"For this, obedient Zephyrs bear
"Her light seeds round yon turret's mold,
"And undispersed by tempests there,
"They rise in vegetable gold.

"Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
"Such desart scenes distinction crave;
"Oft they have been, and oft shall be
"Truth's, Honour's, Valour's, Beauty's grave.

" Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
" As weary of th' insulting air;
" The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
" The lover's sighs are sleeping there.

" When that too shakes the trembling ground,
" Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
" And many a slumbering cottage round
" Startles—how still their hearts will lie!

" Of them who, wrapt in earth so cold,
" No more the smiling day shall view,
" Should many a tender tale be told;
" For many a tender thought is due.

" Hast thou not seen some lover pale,
" When evening brought the pensive hour,
" Step slowly o'er the shadowy vale,
" And stop to pluck the frequent flower?

"Those flowers he surely meant to strew
"On lost affection's lowly cell;
"Though there, as fond remembrance grew,
"Forgotten, from his hand they fell.

"Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
"Been taught her first rose to resign?
"With vain but pious fondness borne
"To deck thy NANCY's honoured shrine!

"'Tis NATURE pleading in the breast,
"Fair memory of her works to find;
"And when to fate she yields the rest,
"She claims the monumental mind.

"Why, else, the o'ergrown paths of time
"Would thus the lettered sage explore,
"With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
"And on the doubtful sculpture pore?

" Reclaim his lo
" And lead O

" 'Tis NATURE p
" Unmoved, to
" The tender pare
" Her children's

" Treat not with sc
" If haply near t
" Nor take the fair
" That bloom to

FABLE VIII.

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE*.

'Twas on the border of a stream
A gayly-painted Tulip stood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Surveyed her beauties in the flood.

* This fable was first published in a Collection of Letters, supposed to have passed between St. Evremond and Waller.

And sure, more lovely to behold,
  Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
Than crimson fading into gold,
  In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The beauteous flower with pride elate,
  Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
Vainly affects superior state,
  And thus in empty fancy swells.

" O lustre of unrivalled bloom!
  " Fair painting of a hand divine!
" Superior far to mortal doom,
  " The hues of heaven alone are mine!

" Away, ye worthless, formless race!
  " Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers
" No more my native bed disgrace,
  " Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!

"Shall the bright daughter of the Sun
"Associate with the shrubs of earth?
"Ye slaves, your sovereign's presence shun!
"Respect her beauties and her birth.

"And thou, dull, sullen ever-green!
"Shalt thou my shining sphere invade?
"My noon-day beauties beam unseen,
"Obscured beneath thy dusky shade!"

"Deluded flower!" the Myrtle cries,
"Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?
"The meanest shrub that you despise,
"The meanest flower has merit more.

"That daisy in its simple bloom,
"Shall last along the changing year;
"Blush on the snow of winter's gloom,
"And bid the smiling spring appear.

" When thou art in t

" Even I, who boast no
" Am of no shining ti
" When low thy lucid fi
" Shall bloom on man

" And he, whose kind a
" To thee, to me, our
" Shall near his breast m
" And walk regardless

"But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,
"No more by virtue need be done:
"I now withdraw my dusky shade,
"And yield thee to thy darling sun."

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire,
The curling leaves the breast disclose;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm exposed.

But when the sun was sliding low,
And evening came, with dews so cold;
The wanton beauty ceased to blow,
And sought her bending leaves to fold.

And fled before the risin

FABLE IX.

THE BEE-FLOWER*.

COME, let us leave this painted plain;
This waste of flowers that palls the eye:
The walks of NATURE's wilder reign
Shall please in plainer majesty.

* This is a species of the Orchis, which is found in the barren and mountainous parts of Lincolnshire, Worcestershire, Kent and

Through those fair scenes, where yet she owes
Superior charms to BROCKMAN'S art,
Where, crowned with elegant repose,
He cherishes the social heart—

Through those fair scenes we'll wander wild,
And on yon pastured mountains rest;
Come, brother dear! come, Nature's child!
With all her simple virtues blest.

The sun far-seen on distant towers,
And clouding groves and peopled seas,
And ruins pale of princely bowers
On BEACHBOROUGH'S airy heights shall
please.

Hertfordshire. Nature has formed a Bee apparently feeding on the breast of the flower with so much exactness, that it is impossible, at a very small distance, to distinguish the imposition. For this purpose she has observed an economy different from what is found in most other flowers, and has laid the petals horizon-

Nor lifeless there the lonely scene;
The little labourer of the hive,
From flower to flower, from green to
Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

See, on that flowrets velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy b
Th' ambrosial gold that swells his t

Regardless, whilst we wander near,
Thrifty of time, his task he plies;
Or sees he no intruder near?
And rest in sleep his weary eyes?

tally. The genus of the Orchis, or Satyrion, she seems
ly to have made use of for her paintings, and on the
species has drawn the perfect forms of different insect
Bees, Flies, Butterflies, &c.

And found the picture of

Attentive to our trifling sel
From thence we plan the
Thus NATURE with the fab
We rank, and these her S

Be far, my friends, from you
Th' unhallowed term, the
That LIFE'S MAJESTIC SOU
In idle Fancy's trifling vei

As conscious that affection grows,
Pleased with the pencil's mimic power*;
That power with leading hand she shows,
And paints a Bee upon a flower.

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands!
Oft, as his shapely form he tears,
Aghast the frighted ploughman stands.

See where, in yonder orient stone,
She seems ev'n with herself at strife,
While fairer from her hand is shown
The pictured, than the native life.

* The well-known Fables of the Painter and the Statuary that fell in love with objects of their own creation, plainly arose from the idea of that attachment, which follows the imitation of agreeable objects, to the objects imitated.

HELVETIA'S rocks, SABRINA'S waves,
Still many a shining pebble bear,
Where oft her studious hand engraves
The perfect form, and leaves it there.

O long, my PAXTON*, boast her art;
And long her laws of love fulfil:
To thee she gave her hand and heart,
To thee, her kindness and her skill!

* An ingenious Portrait Painter in Rathbone Place.

FABLE X.

THE WILDING AND THE BROOM.

In yonder green wood blows the Broom;
Shepherds, we'll trust our flocks to stray,
Court Nature in her sweetest bloom,
And steal from Care one summer-day.

From him* whose gay and graceful brow
Fair-handed HUME with roses binds,
We'll learn to breathe the tender vow,
Where slow the fairy FORTHA winds.

And, oh! that he† whose gentle breast
In Nature's softest mould was made,
Who left her smiling works imprest
In characters that cannot fade.

That he might leave his lowly shrine,
Though softer there the Seasons fall—
They come, the sons of verse divine,
They come to Fancy's magic call.

——— "What airy sounds invite
"My steps, not unreluctant, from the depth
"Of SHENE's delightful groves? Reposing there

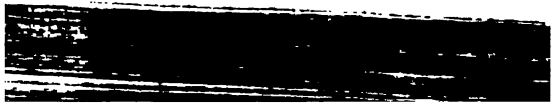
* WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour. † THOMSON.

" No more I hear the busy voice of men
" Far-toiling o'er the globe—save to the call
" Of soul-exalting poetry, the ear
" Of death denies attention. Roused by her,
" The genius of sepulchral silence opes
" His drowsy cells, and yields us to the day.
" For thee, whose hand, whatever paints the spring,
" Or swells on summer's breast, or loads the lap
" Of autumn, gathers heedful—Thee whose rites
" At nature's shrine with holy care are paid
" Daily and nightly, boughs of brightest green,
" And every fairest rose, the god of groves,
" The queen of flowers, shall sweeter save for thee.
" Yet not if beauty only claim thy lay,
" Tunefully trifling. Fair philosophy,
" And nature's love, and every moral charm
" That leads in sweet captivity the mind
" To virtue—ever in thy nearest cares
" Be these, and animate thy living page
" With truth resistless, beaming from the source

"Of perfect light immortal—Vainly boast
"That golden Broom its sunny robe of flowers:
"Fair are the sunny flowers; but, fading soon
"And fruitless, yield the forester's regard
"To the well-loaded Wilding—Shepherd, there
"Behold the fate of song, and lightly deem
"Of all but moral beauty."

——————"Not in vain"—
I hear my HAMILTON reply,
(The torch of fancy in his eye)
"'Tis not in vain," I hear him say,
"That nature paints her works so gay:
"For, fruitless though that fairy broom,
"Yet still we love her lavish bloom.
"Cheered with that bloom, yon desart wild
"Its native horrors lost, and smiled.
"And oft we mark her golden ray
"Along the dark wood scatter day.

" Of moral uses take the strife;
" Leave me the elegance of life.
" Whatever charms the ear or eye,
" All beauty and all harmony;
" If sweet sensations these produce,
" I know they have their moral use.
" I know that NATURE's charms can move
" The springs that strike to VIRTUE's love."



FABLE XI.

THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOW

In this dim cave a druid sleeps,
Where stops the passing gale to moan;
The rock he hollowed o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
A hermit's holy ashes rest:
The school-boy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin blest.

That truant-time full well I know,
When here I brought, in stolen hour,
The Druid's magic Misletoe,
The holy hermit's Passion-flower.

The offerings on the mystic stone
Pensive I laid, in thought profound,
When from the cave a deepening groan
Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still—Dost thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted fancy start?
The sound still vibrates through mine ear—
The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,
Unmixed, unmelodised with breath;
But, grinding through some scrannel frame,
Creaked from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still—"Depart," it cries;
"No tribute bear to shades unblest:
"Know, here a bloody Druid lies,
"Who was not nursed at Nature's breast.

"Associate he with demons dire,
"O'er human victims held the knife,
"And pleased to see the babe expire,
"Smiled grimly o'er its quivering life.

"Behold his crimson-streaming hand
"Erect!—his dark, fixed, murderous eye!"
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
And my heart died—I felt it die.

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I see him still—Dost thou not see
The haggard eye-ball's hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart through the sable shade of hair?

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues th' invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey?

What wretched—Hark—the voice replies,
"Boy, bear these idle honours hence!
"For, here a guilty hermit lies,
"Untrue to Nature, Virtue, Sense.

"Though Nature lent him powers to aid
"The moral cause, the mutual weal;
"Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,
"The desperate suicide of zeal.

"Go, teach the drone of saintly haunts,
"Whose cell's the sepulchre of time;
"Though many a holy hymn he chaunts,
"His life is one continued crime.

"And bear them hence, the plant, the flower;
"No symbols those of systems vain!
"They have the duties of their hour;
"Some bird, some insect to sustain."

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